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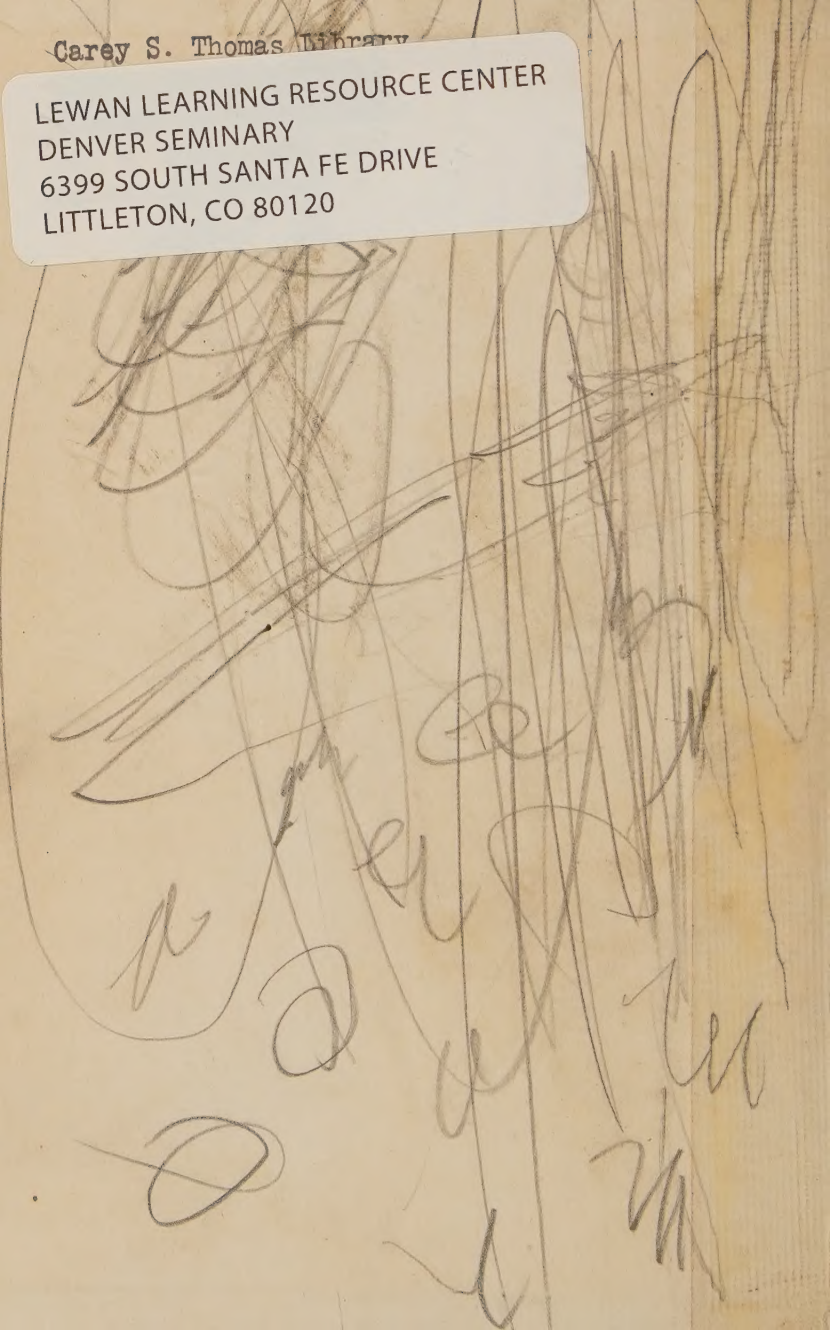

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THE PSYCHIC RIDDLE

By

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Editor-in-Chief of the "Standard Dictionary"; Author of "The Next Step in Evolution," "The Widow's Mite and Other Psychic Phenomena," Etc.

"Always we have to remember that our knowledge is bounded by our senses, and that we may be in a world quite other than that which sense reveals."—PROF. GOLDWIN SMITH, Toronto, Can. Letter in *New York Sun*, Feb. 4, 1906.

"It is evident that our feeble intelligence, endowed with five senses of limited range, does not penetrate into all the forces of Nature. . . The truths—those surprizing, amazing, unforeseen truths—which our descendants will discover, are even now all around about us, staring us in the eyes, so to speak, and yet we see them not. . . . These truths, when they are better understood, will profoundly modify the puny notions we at present entertain concerning man and the universe."—CHARLES RICHET, Professor to the Faculty of Medicine, Paris, in *Light*, London, Feb. 4, 1905.

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"I preferred to build my conviction upon a basis which would satisfy my intelligence and my reason, rather than impose *a priori* conditions which the experiment ought to satisfy in order to convince me. I am ignorant of most of these conditions, and I think that every one else is also. Consequently I consider it imprudent to establish beforehand the conditions under which the experiments are to be made, in order to merit being recorded. . . . My manner of proceeding has been productive of many happy results; for the curious phenomena which I have been able to observe are capricious; they shun those who would force them, and offer themselves to those who wait for them patiently. This behavior, this spontaneity, is not the least astonishing feature in this line of observation. . . . I am certain that we are in the presence of an unknown force. . . . Some future Newton will discover a more complete formula than ours."---J. Maxwell, Doctor of Medicine and Deputy-General at the Court of Appeals, Bordeaux, France, in "Metapsychical Phenomena," pp. 18, 19. Preface by Prof. Charles Richet, and Introduction by Sir Oliver Lodge.

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THE PSYCHIC RIDDLE

I

SOMEWHAT PERSONAL

"I believe that you have done an enormous amount of valuable work, especially in the open stand that you have taken for investigation and for arousing the interest of a wider public."—*Dr. Richard Hodgson.*[1]

THE psychic facts which I venture to give in this volume are typical of a large number that have come, from time to time, into my experience.

Certain psychologists have long regarded experiences of this class—when they have not denied them outright—as *undigested* facts. Undigested, yes; but are they indigestible? Some men, leaping over wide chasms—many of these wholly unexplored, and nearly all of the remainder only very partially explored—regard such facts as altogether *certain* proof that Spiritualism is true. I do not so regard them, but do regard them as well worthy of careful record and of exhaustive investigation by trained

[1] In letter, April 1, 1905, referring to "The Widow's Mite and other Psychic Phenomena."

scientists. Other men, without proof, deny such facts *in toto*, forgetful of the wise admonition of Sir Oliver Lodge, that what the humblest of men affirm from their own experience is always worth listening to, but the denials of the cleverest of men when made in their ignorance are never worth a moment's attention.

As this class of phenomena lies outside of common experience it is altogether reasonable to require that they be strongly verified—far more strongly than we require of those experiences that are common to mankind.

If I am told that a ghost has been seen, and I care to make an investigation of the statement, I quite naturally ask—as the A B C of my inquiry—the name of the man who saw it and his residence, and a verdict of the jury of his vicinage as to his saneness and veracity and his mental and other habits.

How unfortunate if he be dead, or is otherwise inaccessible so that we can not cross-examine him! In that event we are likely to sigh, shrug our shoulders, and pass on, for credulity in matters of this kind varies inversely as the square of the distance from the original source, or possibly in keeping with the ratio in some other of nature's curious formulas.

No one likes to be thought an "easy mark." The

stoutest of us is apt to wince under the inquiring gaze of old friends who seem to say: "Wonder if it is paresis of the brain, or some congenital defect just now coming to the surface!"

I have sought in the various experiences narrated in these pages—except now and then when professional psychics are involved—to give names, dates, and places, but the unsympathetic attitude of a large part of the public has sometimes, I am sorry to say, defeated this purpose.

A few typical cases will illustrate this point:

In Chapter V. I give a remarkable story as told to me by a personal friend who is a publisher and author of some reputation, and is a practising physician. It is a story of his own personal experience. He is convinced that one evening while in Florida he actually passed out of his body, and yet retained a most vivid conscious existence. In the few hours of his discarnate state he visited the family of a friend a thousand miles distant, saw what they were doing, and heard them talk, was recognized and spoken to by his friend, and after other experiences he returned and by a supreme effort of the will he reentered his body and regained control of it. He gives this important corroboration of the story: the following morning he wrote a letter to his distant friend narrating his experience at his home, what

he there saw the family do and what he heard them say. And the distant friend that same morning wrote to him narrating how he had seen him in his room the night before, and what he had said to him, and that now he was greatly alarmed lest some misfortune had befallen him. These two letters crossed each other in transit. It should be remembered that this story is told by a trained physician who knows the symptoms of approaching death, and who is also an experimental psychologist. How much more satisfactory it would be to the reader, and certainly to the scientist, were I permitted to give the name and address of this physician, the name and location of his friend, and other details of his strange experience. But, no, this physician feels that he must hide his identity under anonymity, as publicity of this sort would hurt him professionally.

"'Tis true 'tis pity; And pity 'tis 'tis true."

A man who is the head of an extensive banking establishment, and whose name is known from Penobscot Bay to the Golden Gate as a synonym for veracity and level-headedness, declines to permit his name to appear in support of certain personal psychic experiences, "For," says he, "my Board of Directors would be startled and many of our

customers would feel their confidence shaken in my sagacity."

One more typical instance: The mother of a public man of some professional fame, who lives not far distant from my home in Brooklyn, told me a few days before this writing that one morning a valued servant who had great affection for her was severely burned, and was taken to the hospital. She says: "On the evening of that day I went to bed leaving the light in my room dimly burning. I was suddenly aroused from sleep by a noise as of the falling of a weight in the room. As I opened my eyes I saw standing in front of my bed the servant whom I had seen that day taken to the hospital. I sprang immediately from the bed, but the form had disappeared. I turned the light up full, but no one was in the room except myself. Looking at the time I saw that it was 11:30 o'clock. Next morning as quickly as I had breakfasted I started for the hospital, but was met by one of the doctors who was coming to tell me that the woman had died during the night, and upon inquiry I found that she had died at 11:30 o'clock."

No manner of urging could prevail upon this friend to allow me to give her name or the name and location of the hospital—all necessary in the work of verification. "No, no," she protested, "people

will laugh at me or say that I was dreaming or am foolish."

The science of psychology must be constructed out of a great multitude of psychic experiences. Yet, many of these experiences do not come to all, but to those only of certain temperament, or who seem to have developed certain psychic powers or faculties.

Vast and varied is the field yet to be explored and many are the cases that must be scientifically examined before the truth will be surely known.

The following typical utterances reveal that wide apart as the poles are many of the explanations accepted by leaders—and these are only a few of a score: Lombroso, the well-known Italian scientist, is reported within the past few months as saying: "For fourteen years I have believed in psychic phenomena, and I have witnessed many wonderful things under satisfactory test conditions—among these have been cases of genuine materialization. Yet I am not a spiritualist, for Spiritualism implies that the soul is an emanation direct from God, while I believe that the soul is an emanation from the brain."[1]

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[1] In an article in *The Grand Review*, London, January, 1907, Lombroso announces his acceptance finally of the spirit hypothesis.

Dr. Encausse (Papus) in his book, "l'Occultisme et le Spiritualisme," says that between the immortal spirit and the physical body of man there is an intermediary, the astral body. Man is "compared to an equipage, the vehicle representing the physical body, the horse the astral body, and the coachman the spirit." This astral body is able to go out from the body of the medium, and to it are due all the phenomena of "exteriorization" from luminosities to materializations.

The Jesuit, Father Franco, in *La Civiltà Cattolica* (Rome), a supposed organ of the Pope and the Conclave, says, in substance: Spiritualistic phenomena are real, not imaginary; that no one but a fool can any longer withstand the accumulating testimony in favor of these phenomena; that any further attempt to dispute the genuineness of all this testimony is simply absurd; but to communicate with these spirit intelligences is wicked, and has been forbidden by the Sacred Roman Congregation: " 'As matters stand, it is not allowable' and the voice of the Vicar of Jesus Christ confirmed the sentence of the Inquisition"—this, in answer to a Catholic woman who asked whether she might attend séances at which she believed her little child came back from the dead and sat upon her knee.

Dr. G. Maxwell, Deputy-General in France, tho

not a spiritualist, but a most careful investigator, goes so far to the other side as to say:

"We ought to consider mediums as precious beings. Why should we stigmatize them as degenerate? Rather should we view them as beacons on the road we have to follow—prophecies of the future type of the human race."

Exclude the innumerable fakers who have made the name medium a term of reproach, then these words of Dr. Maxwell are not too strong, no matter which of the more likely explanatory hypotheses we may accept.

To kill a goose that lays a golden egg of so great a contingent value may easily prove the slayer to be the greater goose of the two. Dr. Maxwell advances in explanation of some of these phenomena, in his recent book,[1] the theory of "a consciousness of the circle" which is developed through the medium and the "sitters."

Instead of scoffing at the telling of this class of experiences, it were better—far wiser, surely—to encourage the telling of them, when there is reason to believe that they are honestly told. In no other way can the facts needed be supplied to scientists in sufficient variety and abundance.

If Plutarch is to be trusted, Brutus did not hesitate

[1] "Metapsychical Phenomena."

to give to the world an experience that he had on the night before the fatal battle of Philippi—an experience which Dr. Encausse, by the way, would attribute to the action of Brutus's own astral body:

"The whole army lay in sleep and silence, while Brutus, wrapt in meditation, thought he perceived something enter his tent; turning toward the door, he saw a horrible and monstrous specter standing silently by his side! 'What art thou?' said he boldly, 'Art thou God or man? And what is thy business with me?' The specter answered, 'I am thy evil genius, Brutus! Thou wilt see me at Philippi.' To which he calmly replied, 'I'll meet thee there.' " [1]

A critic—who happens to be a very wealthy man—writes to me "you are knocking at the door of the unknowable." He should have said "of the undiscovered." Another writer terms these labors more picturesquely as "an attempt to pick the locks of realms purposely shut out from us." How does he know that they are "*purposely* shut out from us"? In the same way every step forward, every new discovery has been in a manner "the picking of locks."

This "wave of the hand" method of getting rid of troublesome questions is easier than wise and is never conclusive; had it always been followed, the world would still be groping in the night of some far away prehistoric age. It is not the way science has come, nor is it the way of future progress.

[1] Marcus Brutus, Plutarch's Lives, p. 631.

These psychic phenomena, if they are real facts, we may rest assured, will fall into their proper relations, and will be found to be *natural*—not uncanny nor shivery—will seem a matter of course when once they are assimilated by our sensory and social and intellectual consciousness, and will belong to the science of living as much as do eating, the making of money, music, pictures.

With some hope that I may help persuade the Public so to change its attitude as to make the task of telling of this class of experiences an easier one, I will, in this volume, "keep hammering away" with my own experiences even "at the risk," to quote John Fiske, "of being considered a victim of crotchets," consoling myself with these other words of that Cambridge philosopher, "for this is not an over-intelligent generation."

Truth is usually born in a stable and cradled in a manger, passes through its Gethsemane and is crowned with thorns and duly crucified. In making its advent I have often wondered that it does not always come with a train of ambulances to care for its wounded; but really no one is hurt who really cares for the truth and has patience. As said the Master, "Some of you shall they cause to be put to death, and ye shall be hated of all men, but there shall not a hair of your head perish; in your patience possess

ye your souls." Hatred and killing are trifles viewed from the cosmic view-point.

Nor has truth ever injured the human race, but the misapprehension of it and the fear of it have. Safety is in investigation, and in more investigation, until error and misapprehension and fear are excluded.

Likely enough the publication of these extraordinary phenomena will bring me many suggestions of precautions that should have been taken. This has been my experience heretofore. These suggested precautions happen to be almost always the A B C of investigation, the first to be thought of and provided for even by almost every tyro-investigator. It is curious how little credit one is apt to get for common sense in affairs of this kind. By some inscrutable provision of Providence the men who understand just how best to investigate are those who are enabled to devote little or no attention to the task.

The press—much of it—has been fair in its treatment of what I have had to say from time to time about psychic matters. To be sure the funny editor, as "Mul" of the Brooklyn *Citizen*, has poked fun profusely; but, like the clown in the circus, he is paid for being funny. He gets his money, and the readers get their laugh—well, if with it all the press

will publish the facts as discovered by the various investigators there will be little cause for complaint.

The printer's art, with its many good qualities, is the real black art of this age. The opinion of some worthless fellow which would not carry a feather's weight were he to express it with his lips and with our eyes upon him—that same opinion once clothed with this magic art may have potency to lift an empire off its hinges. Ah, if we could always look to the man behind the pen!

What is there in an attempt to see if the existence of a spirit world—good or bad—can be scientifically demonstrated, that should give offense to the ears of Churchmen? Spiritualism in its present blundering stage of development is a *scientific* problem, not a religion.

To-day in the séance-room, much, very much, of what there passes for religion is gross materialism—an attempt to yoke up the spirit world with this present world to pull our earthly mud-carts along. Many, very many, spiritualists seem to care for communion with spirits only that they may more surely keep physically well, and earn their bread and butter and clothing the easier, and, at the best, be assured that after they "shuffle off this mortal coil" they will continue to be. Again and again

in these séance circles we hear inquiries like the following: "Have I opened my mine on the right side of *that* hill?" "Will I strike oil *where* I am now boring?" "Can I win the *hand* I am seeking?" "Is the horse whose name I have written on this slip of paper the winning one?" "I have lost my pocket-book, can you tell me where it is?"—*ad nauseam*.

It has not been my good fortune to meet many in spiritualistic circles who seem to attend that thereby they may grow in love to God and man, in humility, in conscience, in holiness. But, I would that this were not also a grievous fault of the Church. Did Spiritualism spell spirituality it would quickly make far greater inroads into the church and world, for never did a time seem more ready to welcome an incoming tidal wave of a true spirituality. When has man been physically so prosperous as to-day, and when so profoundly unsatisfied? Events are logic.

By making our ideals of heaven "natural" and earthly we think we have risen, as sometimes by an optical illusion we imagine that we have grown in stature when the truth is our surroundings have sunk.

The reader throughout the perusal of these strange stories should bear in mind that it is not superstí-

tion, that it is not ignorance that is now pressing this psychic question upon the public mind; instead it is the experiences and observations and reasonings of trained scientists as Lombroso of Italy; Richet and Flammarion and Maxwell of France; Crookes, Lodge, and Wallace of England; Hyslop, James, and (until his recent death) Hodgson of America.

II

SOME REASONS WHY THE STUDY OF PSYCHIC PROBLEMS BY SCIENTIFIC MEN SHOULD BE ENCOURAGED

"The work of the Society for Psychical Research is the most important work which is being done in the world today—by far the most important."—*William E. Gladstone.*[1]

THE phrase "Psychic Phenomena" covers a rapidly expanding domain, imperfectly recognized and imperfectly defined.

In these investigations it seems certain that we are in the presence of a new science in the making—a science that many of us believe has in it possibilities for good that stagger the imagination. Here is a Gordian knot that can not be cut; it must be patiently untied. For half a century we have slashed at it with our blades of prejudice and superstition—often negative, but none the less real—of ridicule, logic, science, orthodoxy, but it has grown all the time more and more manifest and more and more complicated.

My own judgment is very clear as to the course that should be followed in America.

[1] In a letter accepting membership in the society.

This—

An organization be formed and strongly supported financially—endowed by so large a sum as $1,000,000,—and this organization engage a half-dozen of the world's ablest and most progressive psychologists, who shall search out and develop a number of sensitives or psychics, one or two for each of the several classes of phenomena,—these psychics to be guarded against the temptations of public mediumship by salaries that will support them, and they in turn to submit to patient investigation for psychic phenomena, as has Mrs. Piper in Boston for the past twenty years under the direction of the late Dr. Richard Hodgson of the Society for Psychical Research.[1]

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[1] Professor Hyslop within the past few months has incorporated an institute of this character, and awaits a sufficient endowment—scarcely *awaits*, since he has undertaken the work with $25,000 now in hand, having issued the January and February numbers of the *Journal of the American Society for Psychical Research*, the official organ of Section "B" of this Institute. Will not every reader of these pages become, at least, an Associate Member of this organization by sending his name and $5 to James H. Hyslop, 519 West 149th St., New York City? Ah! If 10,000 persons should do this it would give an income of $50,000 a year—a sum amply sufficient to enable the Board of Trustees to carry on their work scientifically and efficiently. I make this request without any suggestion from Professor Hyslop, and with full consciousness of the fact that he and I do not

The work of such a society should prove tremendously worth while. Lieutenant Peary and scores of other explorers have made trips toward the North Pole, and have spent hundreds of thousands of dollars and immense labor, and have endured vast suffering—and all of the civilized world has been greatly interested in the efforts of these explorers and in their reports of the climate, geography, life or lack of life in those North regions, and yet we never expect to live under those polar skies. But the world to which our dead go, and to which we must all go, should be of vastly greater interest to us, and so should all intelligent efforts to sift to the bottom any rumor of the slightest communication from thither. And this "beyond" is only one of the vast unexplored possible realms within the psychic domain.

The shell of the universe, the outwork, the coarse, the visible, absorbs our attention and we pass by as uncanny, or unworthy of thought, its inner realms—its heart, the refined, the real, the eternal parts.

Speaker Cannon wrote in reference to the "Widow's Mite": "The material universe, it seems to me,

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fully agree in our methods of investigation—he has his way, and I mine; he gets excellent results by his methods, and I am well satisfied with the outcome of my methods. I do not hesitate to say that in my judgment there is not a better equipped man in America to manage such an Institute than is Professor Hyslop.

affords a field of investigation sufficient to occupy the human race for several millions of years."

Yes, yes; but what of us individually during these several millions of years? And what if intelligent foresight and provision on our part should prove essential requisites for this the next step in our evolution? What man has measured the profundity of this utterance that has come down through the ages:

KNOW THYSELF!

And what if it be true that the visible and tangible portions of this earth are its smallest and least important parts? Why is the belief necessarily absurd that there are belonging to the earth and revolving with it, plateaus upon plateaus of finer and still finer vibrations, the higher usually invisible to the lower, and that the lowest and coarsest is the ground under our feet and the great oceans of water around us?

Longfellow when he penned these lines may have been a seer as well as a poet—one who sees:

> The spirit-world around this world of sense
> Floats like an atmosphere; and everywhere
> Wafts through these earthly mists and vapors dense
> A vital breath of more ethereal air.

Note such problems as these which belong to the psychic domain that are awaiting solution:

1. Note what is now called *secondary personality.*

This points to the truth of the new psychological theory that of the billions of cells in the brain only a comparatively small number are awake or active in the average man; and should his personality call into activity another group of cells, then the expression of himself to his fellows will be different, and he will not be recognized.[1] The French psychologists have made many experiments in this field and are just now making many more.

We know each other only by the segments of ourselves which come to view above the threshold of consciousness. As the solar spectrum reveals only a fragment of the forces in light, other forces are above the waves that make ultra-violet, and others below that make ultra-red, and all the heat waves, the chemical waves, the Hertzian waves—so each spirit or mind spectrum as revealed in consciousness is limited. Who can tell how far below or above consciousness extend the powers of the soul?[2]

2. Note the power of *hypnosis*—the power of one will to enslave another. Who has satisfactorily interpreted the obsessions in Bible times? Christ

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[1] See Dr. Morton Prince's recent book, "Dissociation of a Personality," for description of the multiple personality as revealed in Sally Beauchamp—also Dailey's "Life of Mollie Fancher."

[2] "The Widow's Mite," page 9.

talked to the foreign intelligences who controlled human bodies—bodies not their own. He commanded and they obeyed Him and made their power manifest elsewhere. Can we be sure that no phenomena of that kind are taking place to-day? There are expert alienists who do not hesitate to declare that this hypothesis of control by foreign intelligences is the easiest explanation of many cases to be found in the insane asylums that come under their experience. Here is an immense division in the psychic domain that calls for gravest consideration. What are the facts, laws, limits of hypnosis? We await clarifying answers from psychologists.

3. Note the possibility of *Thought Transference.* "Absurd!" Thus men so great as Plato, Ptolemy, Archimedes, received the thought of Pythagoras that the earth revolves on its axis—and so we all thought the other day about wireless telegraphy. William T. Stead, the Editor of the *Review of Reviews*, London, says that many times when the conditions are favorable he sits at his desk and writes down the thoughts of friends hundreds of miles distant. Is it reasonable to attribute to coincidence the many cases reported like that of the mother in New York who was awakened from sleep by the cry of her son, a thousand miles away: "Mother, mother, the doctor says I have typhoid"?

The fact appears that the boy uttered the cry at that time in the distant West.[1]

4. Note the chiefest problem of all: *Do the dead live and do they commune with those who are in the flesh—this in a manner that makes possible their identification?* If it is a fact that such communications take place, can the fact be scientifically demonstrated? Scientifically demonstrate the fact that every man now living will live again, and that somewhere and some time he must make amends for every wrong done in his present life to another, and that there is no possible escape from this law—demonstrate that, then it seems sure that civilization will be immeasurably quickened. Can it be demonstrated? Is it not worth a serious attempt?

"It is impossible," says a noted scientist, "that the dead should live again."

Ah, the demonstration of a negative!

The scientists, bless them, have a prior mortgage on all the secrets of the Universe. Columbus was no scientist, and they laughed him out of court. But luckily for Columbus and the world, Isabella was a sentimentalist and a dreamer. And as to Jenner, what a fool idea was his about cows and vaccination!

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[1] Those who wish to follow this matter further will find many similar cases given in Part 3, "Widow's Mite," and in the publications of the Society for Psychical Research.

It took a good part of a century to get the scientists to look through Galileo's telescope. Magendie and many another scientist pooh-poohed the pretension that anesthesia could make possible the painless amputation of a leg or an arm. Bouillaud was only one of many wise scientists in the French Academy who solved the mystery of the phonograph, as a trick of ventriloquism; nor would those learned skeptics of this same French Academy, less than a century ago, believe for a minute the testimony of common farmer folks that they had seen stones fall from the sky. In vain did these people declare that they had seen this wonder with their own eyes. "Is it anything strange for the eyes to deceive us?" cried out Lavoisier; "why do not stones fall in our sight—in the sight of men with scientifically trained eyes and level heads? Are they afraid of us? Ah, there are no stones in the sky, therefore it is prima facie absurd that any should fall from the sky." Lord Kelvin long settled hypnosis with a wave of the hand as "mostly fraud, and the remainder mal-observation." Even Lord Bacon, the "father of modern science," was incredulous to impatience with the Copernican system, and Gilbert's magnet.

How many, many of our intellectual leaders in every age are everlastingly incredulous as to new truths—incredulous as was Sir Walter Scott when,

on writing from London to a friend in Edinburgh about the first of the last century, he said: "There is an idiot here in London, who declares that he can light the city with coal-gas passed through a tube."

There are scientific societies in America as in Europe that include in their name, as Huxley would say, the slightly ironical phrase: "for the advancement of science," and yet leave out of their investigations psychic facts, the most significant of all facts now above the horizon—facts as to secondary personality, transference of thought, the healing power in suggestion, apparitions of the living, etc., etc.

The superstitious fear of superstition—this negative superstition—may be more obstructive to truth than the most positive superstition.

Samuel Butler, with a curious shrinking from ghosts, wrote:

> "I had a very dear friend once, whom I believed to be dying, and so did she. We discussed the question whether she could communicate with me after death. 'Promise,' I said, and very solemnly, 'that if you *can* send a message to me, you will never avail yourself of the means, nor let me hear from you when you are once departed.' "

What is this other than an unmistakable note of superstitious fear? We blame, and justly, spiritualists because of their unreasoning superstition, but who, among them, exhibits more superstition than did Dr. Butler in the above, when, through a childish

fear of ghosts, he begged his dying friend not to return to him after death, even if she found herself able to do so? If there are ghosts, they are facts, and every fact is an integral part of the universe, and we can be fully assured that ample provision has been made for it by the great Architect—for sufficient is the provision for every fact unto the day [need] thereof.

> In vain we call all these things fudge,
> A fact is a fact, and will not budge.

If a psychic phenomenon is really a fact it is so not by the grace of man, but by the hand of God; and reason should tell us not to be afraid of it, but to try to understand and accept it.

There are many scientists who are already doing admirable work in this field, and there are many more who also would do admirable work, but are prevented from engaging in it by fear of public talk, as this talk may tell against their soundness of judgment, if not their sanity. "You know," said a professional man to me, "one in my position can not afford to be thought to be given to crotchets."

Charles Richet, one of the chiefest of French scientists, recently felt it necessary, because of his psychic investigations, to make public a statement in which he says: "I am firmly decided to pay not

the slightest heed to the mud wave of abuse and insult and falsehood." And when he delivered his address in London last year as president of the Society for Psychical Research he used these words: "I still remember when I told my father,[1] by whose wisdom and sagacity I wished to be guided, of my studies in this forbidden domain, that he acknowledged that they were correct. But when I said that I wanted to publish them, he dissuaded me, saying: 'Do you want to ruin yourself? Fortunately,' he went on, 'one is not ruined by advocating what he believes to be the truth. I have no more ruined myself by affirming the reality of induced somnambulism than Sir William Crookes has ruined himself by affirming the existence of materializations.' "[2]

An expert whom I consulted concerning certain psychic experiments has told me since that, when I first informed him of these experiments, he remarked to his brother after I had left his place of business: "A crank for sure; he has got 'em badly," tapping his forehead significantly. If this is the experience which befalls us feeble folk, the great ones must not expect to escape.

"Crank" is an ugly word, to be sure, but its edge

[1] Prof. Alfred Richet, an eminent surgeon in Paris.

[2] *Annals of Psychical Science*, April, 1906, pp. 215–260.

has been worn rather blunt with frequent indiscriminate use.

But there is some consolation in the thought that it has ever been thus at every step upward that the world has taken. Socrates was thought crack-brained and a dangerous fellow and compelled to drink the hemlockian tea. And Paul says he was counted a fool, the Roman governor assuring him that he was "beside himself"; and the family of even the Master, the sanest mind the world ever saw, were ashamed of Him and wanted to get Him out of the crowd. Time and again somebody has got to stand in the path of the world and cry "Halt!" at the risk of being run over and trampled into the mud.

But be patient, there is no injustice in the universe. Equal and exact is the measure meted out to every individual—that is, in the long run.

And herein is a curious thing: a scientist will tell you that science is in its embryo state; that, if a scientist knew any one thing absolutely, that is, in its last analysis, he could expound the universe; that, in a thousand years from now, you could not in all probability recognize the science of to-day, and yet the scientist of to-day would give his mental finger tips for the approval of the Royal Society of England or of the French Academy, or of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

Yet it is true that scientists are giving increasing attention to psychic matters, and wisely so. Said one who is a recognized leader recently: "It may seem curious for me to say it, but it will be found true that the time is not in the far distance when scientists will lead the clergy to a real rational faith in the spiritual world." Curious indeed should it turn out true that scientists, whose chief business has to do with the world of matter, should restore a workaday belief in the spiritual world to preachers, whose chief business has to do with the world of spirits!

In the last twenty years scientists have learned to respect greatly forces and entities that are beyond the five senses. They now tell us that the interstellar ocean of ether must be *thought*, we can not see it, feel it, nor hear it, and yet it exists. Lord Kelvin *thinks* the electron, which is so small that it would take something like 100,000 of them to make an atom, and an atom is too small for the most powerful microscope to recognize. Radium, the *x*-ray, the discussion about the *n*-ray, the vibration theory of the universe—all are making it easier and still easier every year for scientists to believe with Paul, that the invisible things are the more real things, that the visible, the audible, and the tangible are secondary effects, not causes. As said Balfour in

his lecture before the scientists at Bristol (1904): "Matter has not only been explained, it has been explained away."

I repeat we know only superficially the things about us in the little space we occupy; and this space is a speck on the earth, and the entire earth is a speck in the universe. Then how absurdly foolish of us to say of anything, that it is impossible, that is, of anything outside of the instinctive and the axiomatic, outside of pure mathematics. Leaders, with insight, in every science, last of all in psychology, through expert investigation, good humor and common sense, are making their way against inertia, official and officious conservatism, dignity and red tape. This in spite of the outburst of ignorance and folly in many quarters whenever is mentioned the spirit hypothesis in connection with psychic phenomena. All men on both sides of this question should keep level heads—never more necessary than in the present time.

To-day Science through many of her leaders, with hand to her ear, is leaning forward to hear those whisperings that are coming with increasing distinctness from the investigations of that youngest of her daughters which lately has been happily christened "metapsychical." It is almost startling to one so conservative as am I to see how far really

some of the ablest of the world's scientists now go. Sir William Crookes, accepting the Presidency of the British Association for the Advancement of Science in 1898, in the presence of that august body did not hesitate to say that he had seen no reason to change his reports of actual spirit materializations witnessed and photographed by himself in his own home. In the April number, 1906, of the *Annals of Psychical Science*—published simultaneously in Paris and London—that chiefest of the French physicists, Charles Richet, hotly defended his recent marvelous reports of materialization séances which he tells us he witnessed under test conditions a short time before in Algiers—wonderful phenomena, spirits actually taking form so as to be seen and heard and handled. These extraordinary marvels Richet reported over his own name in a scientific magazine published under the direction of a committee made up of such well-known scientists as Sir William Crookes, Cæsar Lombroso of Italy, Dr. Joseph Maxwell of France, Sir Oliver Lodge, men of international fame as trained scientists.

The scientific world "do move," but at times I am seriously afraid that when once it gets fairly started it will move toward psychic conclusions more rapidly than strict scientific demonstration will fully justify. These scientists who are experts in handling physical

forces *may not* be experts in the investigation of psychic phenomena. These latter require qualifications of a somewhat different order.

The Roman Catholic Church is unanimously, or nearly so, against Spiritualism, and the Protestant Church is largely hostile.

Why?

In reply to this question a representative clergyman gave me this answer:

"I have not been able to recognize among the results that come from the séance-room those that compel in me the conviction that the intelligences behind them are not from 'spiritual wickedness in high places.' Often it seems to me that the explanation squints in the direction of the old-fashioned obsessions by evil or imperfect spirits, and the communications impress me as unprofitable and sometimes as dangerous."

This clergyman might have added that the trance or hypnotic condition of the medium, which so often seems necessary at these séances, may prove a great psychological danger and should not be indulged in promiscuously, at least until psychology better understands the laws that govern this abnormal condition of the mind or soul.

Aside from the complicated psychic difficulties that surround these phenomena, how is the average man to protect himself against the trickery to be found in so many séance-rooms? In the ruins of ancient temples the tell-tale speaking-tubes running

up to the roof from the altars reveal how the priests in olden times fooled the people who gathered together to consult their gods. These priests caused the smoke from the incense to ascend in clouds to the ceiling and then by a kind of magic lantern made to appear on the smoke the faces of these gods, and the speaking-tubes enabled the priests to complete the fooling.

In the apocryphal book "Bel and the Dragon" we are told how Daniel revealed to Cyrus the King of Babylon a trick by which the court priests were fooling him, inducing him to provide each evening a great quantity of choicest provisions for the great god Bel to eat, but which they and their wives and children ate. By the neat device of a thin layer of ashes sprinkled on the floor of the temple and on the altar steps, Daniel was able to reveal the foot-prints of the tricky priests and the secret door under the altar by which they and their families entered the temple notwithstanding the door of the temple "was shut and sealed with the king's signet." Daniel was a clever investigator.

People can not be duped so easily nowadays as in olden times, but the average man is not proof against the cunning of the able tricksters that infest so many of the séance-rooms.

Nevertheless there is another side to this question

which I venture to ask churchmen carefully to consider.

Let us reason together. We believe God's angelic host did things and said things among the Israelites two thousand and three thousand years ago, and that it is wise for us to study these things. We are right in this; but why is it necessarily absurd to believe that his angelic host are doing things and saying things among us to-day? Does God change? Is there nothing going on to-day akin to the angel talks with Abraham and Lot and Jacob and Samson and the prophets and the apostles—akin to the talk of Moses and Elias with Christ on the Mount about "things shortly to happen"? Has the exhortation of Paul no meaning to us, that among the best gifts to be coveted is that of "discerning spirits"?

God—the cosmic mind—is forever one and the same. In these later generations He has not tied Himself nor His heavenly hosts with laws so that He and they can no longer be communicative, be pitiful and just—now as in the olden times. Are we to believe that we are surrounded by "a multitude of witnesses" who have the "gift of silence" but not of speech? But whether it be silence or speech, why prejudge it? Nor, whatever it is, is it of any use to find fault with it. The only question is what is the

fact. In the Father's house there is room for every fact and abundant provision for it.

And let us everlastingly remember that God has made the universe fire-proof, and hence has deemed it safe to permit man to play with the match-box. We should be held by this truth as a ship is held by its anchor—the ship rides swaying hither and thither but is held.

A few years ago when the Society for Psychical Research began its work, the scientists of that day, Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, Spencer, scarcely recognized anything but a sort of physical psychology, a mind or brain that secretes thought as a gland secretes fluids, placing an impenetrable wall between the living and the dead. Now psychic research has proved to not a few scientists that death is the opening of the golden gates, and yet what has been recognized as psychic phenomena compared to what it seems likely will be are but as the droppings from the eaves when compared to Niagara.

It is said that the spiritistic movement in becoming scientific has struck a side-track and has ceased to be religious. Yes, but what if this side-track proves to be the main road, and that main road proves to be Christianity newly interpreted through the new intellectual light which is thereby revealed? What if Crookes and Lodge and Wallace and James and

Hyslop should succeed in placing a scientific foundation under psychic communications and these communications should place a scientific foundation under a future existence and make *scientifically* possible and believable the birth and resurrection of Christ? Would not that be religious?

And what if psychic research is the scientific unfoldings of God's plan in these later days when criticism is making it harder and still harder to believe testimony that has come down to us through ages of darkness?

Put a scientific certainty under faith in the continuity of life, then it is easy to believe that the Church will no longer hobble along on crutches, hobble even tho the crutches be of gold; but that it will fly as in the pentecostal days. At every step of progress there is need not only of courage and of a lofty idealism, but also of common sense, of sanity—never more need than to-day.

In psychic investigation, notwithstanding the manifold dangers of deception, it is very important that a chief aim be that of truth-finding instead of fraud-finding. The danger of deception is real and the results are often deplorable; and yet much may be said sanely on the other side.

We are turning the world's energy to find out the

trick in these phenomena instead of their meaning—the way to which they point. Thomas and other disciples might easily have spent years in the study of psychology, of the influence of the subjective mind on appearances after death, and in the study of legerdemain in order to have reached a scientific conclusion as to how Christ fed the five thousand, and as to how, after His crucifixion, He could have come into that room, with the doors closed, and talked to them. Had modern scientists been there, that is probably what would have taken place—and likely enough if I had been there that is what I would have done. Ah, the loss to the world had the disciples followed this course! An inch of confidence is at times worth many a yard of suspicion in solving this class of problems.

In the days of Columbus, what if there had been hundreds of tricksters who pretended that they had sailed across the ocean and had communicated with the hitherto unknown western world? That could not have invalidated the fact one iota that there was a western world, and that Columbus knew it and knew the way to it and had visited it and talked with its inhabitants.

There are many elements other than intentional fraud that may account for errors that appear in psychic communications. It is well to remember

that the reality of manifestations is one thing, and their reliability quite another.

The following purported to come to me from a foreign intelligence, in a séance-room, "The light which angels impart should be as rigidly tested as the light that comes from earthly teachers, for all angels were once mortals on this or some other planet, as earth men to-day are unborn angels."

We are apt to conclude if a spirit is somewhere that he is everywhere, and if he knows anything he knows all things. Quite likely knowledge there, as here, comes with growth. Character is never a gift; we grow it. It may be the growth of many generations. Then it is easy to believe that innumerable spirits of all grades, from light to dark, are about us and ready to break in at any opening. The séance-room may be often an open door to an unseen world of innumerable intelligences of all grades. "Beloved, believe not every spirit, but *try* the spirits." [1]

Besides, again and again these strange communications tell us that it is an exceedingly difficult thing for spirits to communicate with earth, that they also make use of mediums on their side, and that the spirit that communicates with us usually enters

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[1] 1 John iv. 1

into an abnormal condition, similar to that of trance, as we know trance on this side of the death line. They assure us that when in this condition it is often difficult for spirits to remember what they wished to say, difficult for them even to think or talk straight, and at times they grow so confused as to forget important happenings in their earthly history, as dates of their birth and death, and even at times their own names. These Spirit personalities seem now and then at times to become blended with the medium's on their side or with the medium's on our side, and the communication thus becomes hopelessly confused. All this sounds very queer, and much like spiritualistic hedging, but it is part of the problem to be carefully considered. There is much more of it; for example,

Note this—

A member in a circle may call for a friend when immediately a communicating intelligence, by, possibly, the force of suggestion, thinks himself to be that friend and so communicates, catching thought vibrations from the inquirer's mind or the mind of the medium, or from some other member of the circle, or it may be from a distance and gives to the inquirer many startling personal facts.

Vanity, egotism, conceit, or other strong positive psychic elements may exaggerate out of all proportion the personal interests of a member of the circle—

a genius of vanity and conceit it may be. I have in mind such a one who attends a circle of which I am sometimes an investigating member. His credulity is amusingly absurd when his egotism is addrest. The universe, sun, moon and stars, as a matter of course, circle around his earth, and he shivers when told that the planet Uranus is in the constellation of Capricorn. Should his head ache and a medium tell him that the seismographs in the planet Mars record its throbbings he will accept it without an effort, nor does he doubt for a moment when told that Alexander the Great, Socrates, Paul, Luther are present in the séance-room to advise him as to his proposed trip to California, a suit of clothes he is about to buy, or his next automobile ride, or the investments in stock he is thinking of making. It is altogether in accordance with the fitness of things that all this should be done for him. Everything is warmed and colored by his lively imagination, quickened and twisted by his conceit. Such a fellow would keep his seat in the chariot tho told a meteor was being hitched in the shafts. It is not hard to believe that a personality of this kind when present is apt to dominate, for the time, the vibratory waves, and dominate, it may be, the mediums on both sides, and the communications become utterly untrustworthy, being mere echoes of this fellow's super-

abundant egotism; and no intentional fraud be committed.

It is believable that a vast number of tests must be made, and that there must be much thinking, possibly for centuries, before the elements of error can be so excluded as to make these communications reliable—even provided they are, what they claim to be, spirit communications. And yet this work may be done quickly. Especially if the two worlds work in intelligent cooperation.

Let us keep our souls in patience and our brains wholly sane. It is well to remember that electricity for twenty-three hundred years yielded scarcely any recognizable phenomena. Yes, amber could be excited a little by its electric current, and it could be made to raise the hair on a manikin. Yes, yes, currents sent through the foot of a frog would curiously contort it, which gained for the scientific discoverer of the fact the derisive nickname of "The Frogs' Dancing Master." But little electricity was believed to be obtainable, and those who believed it something more than a trick did not venture to think that it would ever be anything more than a toy or a curiosity. But now the laws are somewhat understood and this force, tho only partially controlled and harnessed, does a goodly share of the world's work. It is not safe to despise seeming trifles. Tesla in

Colorado some time ago declared that there was reason to believe that intelligences in Mars were trying to communicate with the earth by the numbers "1, 2; 1, 2." No one thought to say to Tesla that this message is trivial and unworthy of the Martians.

Now understand me. I do not say that Spiritualism has been scientifically demonstrated. I say exactly the contrary, believing that we are many miles distant from such a demonstration. What I do say is that such a demonstration is to my mind, after nearly thirty years of investigation, far more likely than are the probabilities that Spiritualism is not true; that the proofs in favor of its truth are much stronger than those against it; that to-day, as the proofs stand, a man is more logical, more sane, in accepting the Spiritualistic belief of the communion of spirits through the physical sensories than he is in rejecting it. In my judgment he to-day is wrong in either accepting or rejecting it.

Psychic research at its present stage is a wanderer in a vast wilderness that has in it wild beasts and fiery serpents in plenty. It is still in its experimental stages. Let us not err on either side, that of extreme credulity and recklessness, nor that of extreme cautious skepticism.

Above all it would be well to see to it that a wisely

directed public opinion and abundant financial assistance should make it possible for expert scientists to give exhaustive systematic investigation into this expanding psychic domain.

MORE OR LESS SUGGESTIVE

I find in my note-book some jottings which I thought to expand into paragraphs for these preliminary chapters, but space forbids. I venture to insert them here, just as they are, unpolished, disjointed, and unelaborated. Robert Browning at one time replied to an admirer who had asked the meaning of one of his lines: "Really I can not recall just what I did mean by it, but if you will study it until you get at my thought I am sure you will find it valuable." I have not that comforting confidence in my writings, but I can safely assure the reader that when I wrote these jottings I am certain that the thoughts they embodied I *believed* to be valuable.

After all, are not the makers of books apt to elaborate far more than is necessary? A chess-player will sometimes say "Checkmate in five moves," and his opponent, looking the board over, reply: "Ah, that's so," and much time is saved. May the reader here find it safe to do likewise.

Quite likely, in psychic phenomena we have an egg that will hatch—even likely a nest of eggs.

May there not be a spiritual or mental ear-drum on which thought currents register themselves? But what if that ear-drum is so waxed over with earthy matter as to render thought vibrations too feeble to be recognized?

Matter is the spiritual world made objective—flowers, trees, animals, man, planets, suns, are expressions of the thoughts of the inner world.

The world of reality—which is it? Ideality may be more real and controlling than a beef-steak, or a tree; a mother's love is more real to a child than is candy or cake—that is, to any child that is above a clod. The higher we go, the truer this is, and truest of all of God, the highest psychic element in the universe.

There are many things that call for ridicule in materialism—many more than there are in spiritualism. But we tithe mint and rue and all manner of herbs, and pass over, with scarcely a thought, the possibility of spirit growth and life beyond and intermundane communion.

The optic nerve of nearly all men is atrophied—not the nerve of the physical eye wherewith we see trees and mountains, and wheat and gold and silver, the coarse supplies of the body—but the optic nerve of the spiritual vision, wherewith the stupendous real universe is revealed. Oh, that some prophet could to-day so touch our eyes that we also might see the mountains, land, and air filled with the forces that are at work back beyond the puppet show of physical existence which we call real, and understand that, as said Lincoln at Gettysburg, "This war is being fought over our heads."

Average human nature dearly loves the marvelous, and therein is a danger—the histrionic element is in us all: We see things magnified by the mist that rises from an overheated heart touched by a lively imagination. As we tell

our experience again and again, corners are rounded, gaps are filled, and our sense of the artistic in story-telling constantly strives to get expression. Vanity also plays a part—we love to hold the interest of those with whom we talk; it pleases us to feel that we are telling something out of the ordinary. Hence it is that the testimony of the average man as to his psychic experiences must be judged most circumspectly.

No laugh can be loud enough, no sarcasm acidic enough, nor skepticism violent enough, to destroy a fact.

An old story is told of a French astronomer saying "I have searched the heavens with my telescope and found no God." A deaf man says, "I have taken apart a piano and applied every known chemical test; and have subjected each part to a powerful microscope, and found no music." Beauty, love, holiness, can be recognized only by those who are esthetical, loving, holy; the pure in heart see God, no other can. After all, the chiefest qualification for a psychic investigator is spiritual development. Every faculty within us is the best judge of truth up to its level. A developed soul knows its way as does a migrating fish in the trackless deep.

God is, and is in us—
"Speak to Him, thou, for He hears, and Spirit with Spirit can meet:
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet."

May it not be that a developed soul puts forth antennæ that bring it in contact with the spiritual forces of the universe and give it a logic that can not be gainsaid nor resisted—the logic of a personal experience? Wonder if Christ did not mean that when He promised His disciples a power of argument that would be irresistible—the argument of a well-developed, responding soul.

I climbed this truth as a tower—*climbed* it, and was not carried there—and was shown many of the kingdoms of the universe.

Thadeus D. Wakeman says in Dr. Paul Carus's "Open Court": "After the death of Mr. Beecher there was no possible spirit, soul, or conscience of him extant to be bothered about the 'Widow's Mite' or anything else," hence he could not have returned. Is not this putting the cart before the horse? Why not first find out whether it is a fact that his spirit did return? If it did, then it is proved that he is a spirit. "Facts alone," says Richet, "are never absurd. They exist or they do not. If they exist, the study of the phenomena should precede the criticism of the theory."

What man or angel has felt or done, another on that level can understand.

"You are a crank"; when a man hurls an argument like that at me, what can I do? I can not gainsay nor resist it; I am simply squelched.

Certain physiologists believe that the brain is a huge gland that secretes thought and feeling as the liver secretes bile; and this they think to prove in many ways, as from the fact that an injury to the brain often results in a weakening of the ability to think, and modifies feeling. A severe shock to the brain often causes complete cessation of thought and of all consciousness. The quality of the thought rises or falls as the blood is good or bad. A blood-clot pressing on the brain manifests itself in the functions of the brain; that is, in our thought. A sick brain, a sick consciousness, a sick mind; no brain action, no consciousness. Not anything, say these physiologists, can be more clearly demonstrated than that thinking is the function of the brain. The argument is, we are to judge the inseparability of the agent from the machine, if the result of his work is moderated by changes in the machine. Let us test this by an example. Some years ago a good bit of interest was manifested in a New York entertainment-room in the fact that there was an automaton chess-player at this place, who could usually beat any player who would undertake to play the game

with him. It seems that in the interior of this machine was a youthful chess prodigy. At one time the machine got out of order. The wires somehow got crossed, so that when the prodigy inside of the machine, who was wholly unseen by the spectators, wanted to move one piece, really another piece was moved, and his game was in confusion. And it happened finally that the automaton became wholly disordered and was broken up. Now, it was true if the visible portion of this machine became disarranged, that the mind within it would be affected if judged by its product; and when finally it went to ruin, the mind ceased to be able to control the machine in any way whatever. Was this a demonstration that the mind that governed that machine was inseparably connected with the machine? Was it a fact that that mind ceased to exist because it ceased to be able to control the machine when the machine broke to pieces? No, the same player afterward became the champion chess-player of the United States; yet those who recognized him only through the automaton ceased seeing him.

Spiritual wisdom does not come by way of the hearing ear or seeing eye, but by self-surrender, by the choice of virtue over passion and appetite. God says to every one of us: "When thou goest down to lift up others I go down to lift up thee."

Is he a wise or an unwise Spiritualist who allows himself to be cheated now and then, rather than suspect every medium a rogue and believe with the Psalmist that "all men are liars"? Expectation tends to bring about the results expected.

There is an indescribable something in the make-up of some people that wins other hearts and in others that repels; so, for aught we know, it is with the inner world, and here may be a determining element why some men are good psychic investigators and why others are not.

The soul that will not think of things beyond the stars, sooner or later can not when he would.

Scientists begin to understand that were efforts to produce spontaneous generation successful, that would only prove that the physical conditions are present that make it possible for the life germs to crystallize a body about them. Light enters wherever conditions are favorable; it would not do to say therefore a window *creates* light. There is an infinite ocean of life. Give the conditions in which this life can organize a body, then it will do so. Each after its own kind; the higher the vibrations the higher the form of life, from the crystal and protozoan up to the highest human ego or archangel.

The note of reality is missing in a great part of the preaching of to-day. I asked a Spiritualist, "Why have you left your Church for Spiritualism?" and the answer was: "I got no reality there." The same answer I got from a Christian Scientist, also from a theosophist. Christ in His miracles gave reality—as the cure of the sick, that was a reality which the anxious mother or father could understand. "These signs will follow," said the Master. But you say the age of miracles is passed. Spiritualists say no; Christian Scientists say no; theosophists say no. Do not stop to discuss what is meant by miracles; you know what these objectors mean. The age of the manifestation of these psychic forces is not passed. Many of the churches in the neighborhood of the Christian Scientists' Marble Palace opposite the New York Central Park, and of Mrs. Pepper's church in Brooklyn, are not nearly as full as are these. Often on a rainy night you may see these latter churches filled to the doors. How large a multitude would have followed Christ had it not been for His feeding the hungry, and making the sick well, and "casting out devils"? I know; I know this is not the highest motive, but it is the starting-motive to broader and higher thinking, a motive that Christ did not neglect.

III

COMMUNICATIONS PURPORTING TO COME FROM DR. RICHARD HODGSON

"I am for all personal purposes convinced of the persistence of human existence beyond bodily death, and altho I am unable to justify that belief in full and complete manner, yet it is a belief which has been produced by *scientific evidence*—that is, it is based upon *facts and experience.*"

SIR OLIVER LODGE.

I

HAS any communication been received from Dr. Hodgson since his death?

Prof. James H. Hyslop thinks Yes.

He assures us that since the Doctor's death he has received communications which were so clear and evidential as to lead him to believe that the speaker was his old friend and coworker.

What were these communications? That is a matter of secondary importance.

The matter of primary importance—and it is profoundly important and interesting—is that the communications were of a nature, and given under such test conditions, that they fully convinced

Professor Hyslop of the identity of the spirit speaker. The Professor is not a novice at these investigations; he is well versed in modern psychology; intimately acquainted with all the latest facts and with the explanatory theories as the subliminal or subjective mind, secondary personalities, telepathy, the "consciousness of circles"—Dr. J. Maxwell's novel theory; is as far removed from sentimentality as is one pole from the other; with a temperamental bent toward scientific materialism—it is a significant fact that both he and Dr. Hodgson entered upon their psychic investigations believing that when man dies, his personality ends, that he—all of him—"is tumbled into the bowels of the earth, is digested and assimilated, becoming possibly part of some other living organization, but will never know again his former self;"—is cool-headed, a trained scientist, a close observer, and is a keen logical thinker, having been, until ill-health compelled him to resign, Professor of logic in Columbia University.

Besides Professor Hyslop was probably more intimately acquainted than any other man on earth with the mental and spiritual idiosyncrasies of Dr. Hodgson, a fact that should add great weight to his startling testimony. Should it not give the most skeptical of us pause, when such a one says to us, that he is convinced that he has had repeated intelli-

gent communications from Dr. Hodgson since his death?

It would indeed be strange if there is a sane man on earth who is not stirred at the thought of a possible scientific demonstration of the belief that a man who dies lives again; I say *scientific* demonstration. Man's repellent attitude to new truths, even those of vital importance to himself, is one of the curious things of history.

"The truths—those surprizing, amazing, unforeseen truths—which our descendants will discover, are even now all around about, staring us in the eyes, so to speak, and yet we see them not. But it is not enough to say we see them not; we do not wish to see them." [1]

What fools we mortals be!

This fact should also carry weight: these "communications from Dr. Hodgson" came through Mrs. Piper when she was in a deep trance, for there remain no grounds for reasonable doubt that when so-called communications come through her, Mrs. Piper is wholly unconscious. For many years this fact had been tested by every method known to medical science, by such experts as Dr. Hodgson, Professor Hyslop, and with not a little assistance from Prof. William James of Harvard, the most famous of American

[1] Prof. Charles Richet: *Annals of Psychical Research*, Jan., 1905, pp. 26–27.

psychologists, and others. Her utter unconsciousness when in trance was proven by touching her eyeballs and running a needle under her finger-nails and through her tongue, and by putting red pepper in her nostrils and throat—all these seemingly cruel tests were made without yielding any evidence of the slightest physical reaction. And then, in addition, for many months her mail was watched, herself shadowed by detectives, she not being permitted even to have conversation with any one except in the presence of representatives of the Society,—this watch was under the direction of Dr. Hodgson, whom Sir William Crookes pronounced, before the Royal Society, as the keenest psychic detective that probably the world has ever seen.

Dr. Hodgson had schooled himself in physical jugglery and mental magic, having studied the art both in India and in the Western world. And withal he had what may be justly described as a detective's instinct for fraud along psychic lines, as is strikingly revealed in the narration of his exposure of Madame Blavatsky. He knew modern psychology. He had "an eye that saw through the motives of men"—also "eyes and ears in his mind," as was said of blind Huber who saw more of bees than any man with his physical eyes, even tho aided by the microscope, ever before had seen. As has been said of

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another, Hodgson could see and hear with his eyes and hear and see with his ears.

Thus equipped, Dr. Hodgson had absolute charge of the movements of Mrs. Piper for twenty years, and subjected her to every test that he could conceive of, and at the expiration of this score of years he died, a year ago, with perfect faith in her integrity.

And now, after all these years of complete control of her "sittings," this medium's honesty is fully accepted by those who, with Dr. Hodgson, were the American leaders of the Society for Psychical Research, and scarcely less absolutely by the European leaders of the same society. However, Professor Hyslop tells us that tho he regards her as wholly trustworthy, yet his conclusions in favor of the spirit hypothesis do not depend in the slightest upon her honesty, as his experiments with her are of such a nature that as far as the phenomena are concerned it does not signify in the slightest whether she is honest or dishonest. This also was true with Dr. Hodgson's experiments.

The plan adopted by what claims to be Dr. Hodgson's ghost, to identify himself was simply to remind Professor Hyslop of some facts that were known only to these two men, as:

1. Tests which Professor Hyslop made before Dr. Hodgson's death through a medium who is the

wife of a Congregational minister in New England, concerning whose supernormal powers he and Dr. Hodgson had differed. In these spirit communications through Mrs. Piper Dr. Hodgson told Professor Hyslop that since his death he had visited this medium and "I found things better than I thought."

2. He reminded Professor Hyslop of a certain colored-water test that Hyslop had applied in testing a class of phenomena some 500 miles distant from Boston, and concerning which tests nothing had been mentioned in Mrs. Piper's presence prior to this spirit communication.

3. He reminded Professor Hyslop of a discussion that they had had over cutting down the manuscript of one of Hyslop's books several years ago.

These and other communications were of an evidential test character.

In making these communications there was, according to Professor Hyslop, a display of a number of mental idiosyncrasies which were peculiarly characteristic of Dr. Hodgson.

True enough, many of the things recalled to Professor Hyslop's memory are trivial, not the kind of things that the average mind is apt to suppose a spirit coming across the "great divide" would bother to tell us about. But it must be borne in mind that

the importance or triviality of the communication is not the vital point, but the fact of any communication from a spirit intelligence is inexpressibly important.

Facts will not permit us to waive them aside because they seem to us to be trivial. Sooner or later they, if they be facts, will compel recognition, that is their way; for a series of facts is as unyielding as a table of logarithms, and it is the business of science to account for them, however trivial they may seem to be. Sir Oliver Lodge, in a late paper before the Society for Psychical Research in London, talked sanely of the duty of scientists touching such matters. He insisted[1] "that psychic phenomena should be thoroughly investigated on their merits, apart from all preconception. . . . In studying them no phenomenon or instrument was too trivial; if the movement of an untouched object was a fact, and one hitherto unknown to science, it did not matter how trivial was the object moved. If a communication showed signs of hypernormal intelligence or clairvoyance, it mattered not how trifling was the event perceived."

But, after all, is it not true that it is by trivial things often we best identify old acquaintances? An important incident in their lives is apt to be

[1] *Light*, London, December 16, 1905.

known to a large number of people, and may have got into print, or otherwise noised abroad; hence to be told about it is of little evidential value as to the identity of the speaker. Dr. Hodgson, again and again, when in the flesh, declared that spirits would best prove their identity by exactly the methods this intelligence here adopts. The following two incidents will illustrate the point:

The wife of Judge A. H. Dailey, of Brooklyn, is a sensitive. One of her controls is a man who claims to have been a sea-captain, when on earth, declaring that he passed out of life during the Civil War. To identify himself he described his early home in a small town in Massachusetts where, he said, his mother's grave could be seen in the old graveyard, the tombstone having on it her name, which name he gave to Judge Dailey. The Judge determined to visit the town, a town which neither he nor his wife had ever previously visited, nor had they ever heard of this sea-captain or of any members of his family, knew nothing in fact about him. He and his wife went to the town, found the gravestone in the old graveyard, and the name inscribed as told by the spirit. This was a trivial fact, but to Judge Dailey it was conclusive. [1]

It is difficult to see how telepathy or mind-reading

[1] "The Widow's Mite," p. 259.

or any theory of secondary personality could account for a fact of this sort; while coincidence and fraud are wholly debarred.

A clergyman friend of mine who is very skeptical as to Spiritualism told me that on one occasion he, unannounced and without any previous plan, visited a séance in Boston where he is sure that he was wholly unknown. In the circle a woman, not the medium, suddenly spoke to him, saying, "Pardon me, but I see a man in military uniform standing by your side, and he asks that I tell you 'Willie Cullum' is here." The clergyman telling the story said, "I tried to appear indifferent and replied to the woman, 'Well, what has William Cullum to say to me?' She replied, 'He says he is not *William* but *Willie* Cullum, and that he simply wishes you to know that he is here.'" My friend was dumfounded, for he says that in his college days, far distant from Boston, a most intimate friend of his was a Willie Cullum. This friend went to war and was killed. "We," continued the clergyman, "were so intimate that he would have been shocked if I had called him William." That little point about the name was trivial, yet are we not justified in giving it weight?

Another case in point:

Mrs. Pepper at one time announced that the spirit

of a woman was present who gave her name as "Martha," and said that she was my mother, and that she had a grandchild with her, whose name was "Chester." I replied, "If the spirit is really my mother can she not identify herself to me?" The reply was instantaneous, "Isaac, do you remember that needle?" Two score years ago when I was a lad at home in Springfield, Ohio, my mother, stepping from a chair, stept on a needle that was standing upright in the carpet. It ran through her slipper into her foot. She called me from an adjoining room. I was unable to extract the needle until I secured a pair of pincers from a neighboring shoe-shop. Great suffering and paralysis followed, ending in death in about ten days. A needle is a little thing, but this incident was well selected to prove identity, with the exception that the fact was in my own mind. My brother "B. F." some thirty years ago buried a baby child in the West, of the name of "Chester." If I had ever known this fact, it had wholly passed from memory.

At the more important sittings with Mrs. Piper, the plan long followed is to have written down stenographically everything that is said and done, however trivial it may seem—every word is recorded, blunders and all. I have seen the full stenographic reports of the sittings of Professor Hyslop at which

these Hodgson communications were given. That the reader may get an idea of their nature I here give several extracts verbatim—other than those to which I have referred above. The reader should keep in mind the facts that Mrs. Piper in these séances is in deep trance. Her hand automatically writes the message, and the sitter *addresses the hand.* It also should be remembered that the theory of Professor Hyslop is—it was also Dr. Hodgson's theory—that the spirit, in order to communicate, quite likely himself enters into a somewhat abnormal condition akin, it may be, to trance or hypnosis as we understand the conditions on this side of the grave. Hence the breaks and forgetfulness, and at times confusion manifested in the communications. Curiously, these intelligences inform us that they, on their side also, have a psychic problem, and that skepticism rules there as here as to reported communications through mediums from relatives and friends left behind—and, still more curious, this skepticism is most strongly entrenched among the scientific and the dogmatically religious on the spirit side.

The reader of these communications will be apt to smile because these Hodgson talks are so *natural,* that is, human—they will appear suspiciously human to many. But, after all, why not human and nat-

ural? What is there in death to change the heart, the mind, the spirit—character—the ego, the me? When we come to think of it, what reason have we for believing that the other world is not lifelike, human? Practically the same there as here, *plus* we know not what. The same infinite intelligence governs on both sides; the universe is a *uni*-verse.

We should be critical certainly, and with Demosthenes insist that every argument be based upon an incontrovertible fact, but we must stick close to common sense. Some people, for fear of being superstitious, are of all men at times most superstitious. I have laughed at times quietly—and of course respectfully—at these learned agnostics, philosophers, scientists, who are superstitiously afraid of superstition! Superstition, broadly speaking, is to believe something about the unseen for which we have no basis in reason. As already remarked, there is a positive superstition, and there is a negative superstition; the latter may be altogether as irrational as the former.

EXTRACTS FROM THE STENOGRAPHIC REPORTS OF COMMUNICATIONS PURPORTING TO COME FROM DR. HODGSON THROUGH MRS. PIPER.

The uncredited remarks enclosed in brackets appear in the stenographic notes; those credited to Hy.

are comments since made by Professor Hyslop; and those credited to F. are my own.

Hodgson: I am delighted to greet you *here.*

Hyslop: Well, I can hardly say that I am glad to greet you in this way. You remember we used to laugh about my going first. [F: Hyslop was long threatened with tuberculosis and his life was almost despaired of.]

H: Indeed I do, but I got ahead of you and I am delighted to be the first one to come. It is all so much better than I anticipated. God help you to understand and help me in helping the work [word not clear or certain.]

[Excitement in the writing hand of the medium.]

H: I am so overcome with delight I can hardly say what I wish. I hope you will not give up the ghost. [Not read at time.] [F: Reference probably to Hyslop's illness.]

Stick to it Hyslop and I will—Ghoast—stick to it Hyslop. I see you so clearly. I shall not stop to talk rubbish but let us at facts [difficulty reading]—talk rubbish, let us get down to facts. . . .

I have met your good father and wife whom I knew well.

. . . . . .

H: This is the happiest moment of—[hand doubled back and cramped badly]—pardon me—[still cramped]—coming over here. I mean in meeting you again.

This seeming difficulty in getting control of a medium and keeping it is often noticeable in the séance-room, indicating that there are huge difficulties that these intelligences—whoever they are—encounter in communicating.

Hy: All right, Hodgson, I feel that it would have been better for you to lead on this side.

H: Perhaps, but I am satisfied. Do you remember how I said to you I sometimes longed to get over here?

I did often. I longed to see this beautiful country if I may so express it. [Hy: "CORRECT."]

H: One thing more I recall. Do you remember telling me about your aunt Eliza obstinacy ['obstinacy' not read at first] in giving you help. Your aunt Eliza Obstin—obstinacy—O B S T [writing sheet changed] O B S T a n c y in giving you help.

Hy: Well you have the idea correct, but the name is not right.

H: No doubt I have got the names confused. I have met several of your relatives here for which I am very pleased. God keep you.

[Hy: Correct about my aunt, tho incorrect as to name—was Aunt Nannie instead of Aunt Eliza.]

. . . . . .

H: I have been trying since I came over to find some student reliable and truthful through whom I could communicate. I shall hope to put you on track of some one soon.

Hy: Good, good. Do.

[Hy: Refers to hypnotic experiment in my report. Hodgson liked it.]

H: . . . It is horribly stuffy here.

The testimony from many séance-rooms is that spirits have bodies of which their physical, earthly forms were the outer, coarser forms, and that they in this new life do need something akin to breathing, and that when they enter earthly conditions they experience a difficulty of breath like that we experience in going into a place of foul smells. So if these spirits are to be believed we will not get free from taking care of bodies by dying.

H: Do you remember what I said about praying for help?

Hy: I remember you spoke about it, but I do not recall the exact time or statement.

H: I told you if you prayed for help I believed it would be given you. Answer.

Hy: Very well. I have tried that over and over again.

[Hy: Correct.]

When it is remembered that both Hyslop and Hodgson had been materialists after the scientific variety, and were brought to a belief in a reality of a spiritual universe through spirit communications, we have in this exhortation to prayer and assent, a significant fact for the churches to ponder. Prayer implies faith in the All Creator. Can the church afford to overlook anything that brings materialists to their knees in this sadly materialistic age? Just how will my Seventh Day Adventist critics and other good church people, who have been writing me warning letters, reconcile exhortations of this sort with their theory of "evil spirits" as the source of *all* spirit communications? Yes, true, the devil is very sly, but then if it is a fact that he trembles when he sees the weakest saint on his knees, he surely takes a mighty big risk in urging a man like Hyslop to pray! Henry Kimball—the founder of *The Church Union*, which afterward became *The Christian Union* and is now *The Outlook*—used to tell me with great impressiveness that his experience and observation proved "the devil an

ass." If the devil is behind these exhortations to prayer I think Kimball was right, or perhaps this familiar couplet may give the hint:

> "The devil was sick—the devil a monk would be;
> The devil was well—the devil a monk was he."

Possibly Satan at times like us wee mortals thinks it now and then safest to cast an anchor to windward.

H: It will. I wonder if you recall the advice I gave you and what I said I would do if I should come first. . . .

Hy: I do not remember exactly.

H: Remember that I told Myers that we would talk nigger talk—Myers—talk nigger talk.

Hy: No, you must have told that to some one else.

H: Ah, yes, James. I remember it was Will James. He will U. D. [understand.]

Prof. William James has since recalled this incident. It seems that a spirit's memory when he is in condition for communicating may be treacherous, and hence it may often be as dangerous—I repeat what is said on a previous page—to follow blindly a spirit's direction as that given by a fellow in the flesh. It seems reasonable to believe that infinite intelligence never intended us to be free from the responsibility of exercising and using to the utmost the faculties which we have. But before following our conclusions it may be reasonable to hear what friends out of the flesh have to say as well as friends in the flesh. . . .

H: I wonder if you realize now anything about the difficulties of communication and how the harmonius elements entered into it—them.

Hy: No, I know nothing about it. But you know how we scientific people have to guess at it in order to make the other fellows listen.

H: *I do perfectly.*

Our conceptions of the spirit-world are no doubt often childishly absurd.

H: I can not forget anything if you give me time to recall. You must have great patience with me as I am not what I hope to be later.

Hy: All right, Hodgson. Do you find that we conjectured the difficulties fairly well?

H: We did surprizingly well. I was surprized enough—enough—enough. Is my writing more difficult than it used to be?

The reader should recall Professor Hyslop's suggestion that this struggle to remember and that the mistakes that are often made by these "spirits" indicate that they, in order to commune, have to pass into an abnormal state something like hypnosis on earth. Dr. Hodgson in these communications said little about his death experiences, but that little is curious.

H: It is delightful to go through the cool ['cool' not read at first] ethereal atmosphere, cool—cool, C O O L—into this life and shake [read as 'take'] off the—Shake off the S H a k e —Shake off mortal body. Hyslop, speak.

Often in talking with the intelligences in the séance-room, I am urged to reply, as, I am told, this helps

the spirit to fix his attention and communicate. It is one of the many odd phases of these phenomena and often makes one think that an effort is being made to divert attention, and to gain the assistance of suggestion.

H: In leaving the body the shock to the spirit knocks everything out of one's thoughts for a while, but if he has any desire at all to prove his identity he can in time collect enough to—collect—enough evidence to prove convincingly his identity—convincingly—convincingly. . . .

H: It is so suffocating to enter here. I can appreciate their difficulties better than ever before.

Evidently reference is here to the difficulties which "spirits" encounter in efforts to converse through Mrs. Piper and other mediums.

H: Do you remember the difficulties we had in regard to our hypothesis on the spiritistic theory?

Hy: I remember that clearly enough.

H: I feel that you feel that [my] coming over is going to handicap you much. This is not so.

Hy: All right, I hope it will not.

H: I shall do my utmost in helping you on with the most important [important not read at first] work in your world—important—Do you remember telling me about some objections your brother made because these good friends told about him?

Hy: Yes. I remember that well indeed.

[Hy: Very fine incident, known to no one but Hodgson and myself.]

These quotations will give the reader a fair idea of this remarkable series of communications. When

published in full by Professor Hyslop or other person they will prove of still greater interest—these communications with a still later series Dr. Hyslop has had. If these communications were really from Dr. Hodgson then indeed—

> "There is no death! What seems so is transition;
> This life of mortal breath,
> Is but a suburb of the life Elysian,
> Whose portal we call Death."

If Professor Hyslop is right in his judgment concerning these communications then we are in the presence of the most stupendous achievement ever wrought by science—a scientific demonstration of a future life.

2

At two o'clock one morning last January my telephone awoke me.

"This is the New York *Herald*. The *American* is just out with a 'spread' announcement that you through Mrs. May S. Pepper have seen Dr. Hodgson, and had an extended interview with him. If this is true the *Herald* would be pleased to have you give it the facts."

"There is not a word of truth in it."

The report in the *American* was a fabrication

from beginning to end, and tho the denial started within an hour after the lie got agoing, the lie is still making the rounds of the earth, and like the Faraday electric coil it seems to get additional force with every repeated circuit.

It is, however, but just to say that upon the afternoon of the same day, the Editor of the *American* called me up on the phone and wished to know if the denial reported as from me in the various papers was authentic.

I replied, "It is; there is not a word of truth in the story as told in your morning edition—not a word—your reporter had not even an interview with me on the subject."

"We are sorry; we will at once dismiss the reporter from our service, for we will not knowingly retain a liar on our force."

"Good!"

That reporter was promptly dismissed, but the paper *never denied* his report.

However, a short time *after* this incident Judge Abram H. Dailey, of Brooklyn, and I called at the home of Mrs. Pepper, and we had the following séance—I write with the notes I made at the time as my basis.

As soon as Mrs. Pepper went into the apparent trance condition it was announced by her "familiar"

that there was a group of spirits present who were strangers to her. One gives the name "Imperator" and another is a little fellow that they call "French Doctor"; and another gives the name of "Oxion"; and this last one says that he will take my place—I think he means to talk through the medium. They are bringing with them a fine-looking man who seems not to have been long on this side, as he appears "very weak."

Weakness is so identified in our thoughts with this earth and with the body, that this suggestion of a ghost thus troubled is apt to awaken in us skepticism to the risible point, and yet is it wholly unreasonable? We are born into this world as babes, the embodiment of helplessness. If infinite wisdom thought it wise to permit this with one of our births can we be altogether sure that He will not permit this with another?

Then Mrs. Pepper seemed to enter into a complete trance state, much more complete than in her usual sittings with me. We made no physical tests to prove the reality of the trance. The appearances indicated a "control" unused to the methods. It was fully eight minutes before there was any speaking through the medium. Just prior to the speaking, the right hand of the medium indicated a desire to write. I put in the hand a pencil and then it wrote

on a page of my memorandum book "Stainton" in large letters, and then again "Stainton Moses." Finally, very slowly at first, and then more rapidly, the medium spoke in a strange voice as follows:

"I come not to speak for myself this evening through this medium who is strange to me, and it is a strange thing for me to attempt to speak through a medium. Imperator who is here, helps me. We have come to bring one who has given a long time to psychic matters, and he desires to let it be known that he is present and that spirit communication is a fact. This spirit is Dr. Hodgson. He is not strong enough to use the medium himself. He wishes me to say that he finds that he conducted experiments altogether too much on the physical plane, and hence developed insufficiently the higher spiritual powers, which enable one to control forces in the spirit world and to understand quickly the laws that govern here. When the Doctor came over to our side, many of us gathered together to help him, but we found that he was attuned to earth vibrations and it was difficult to wake him. I found, in order to communicate, that it was necessary for me to reach a medium who was keyed to my vibrations. Valuable as scientific facts of the material world are, they are not nearly so valuable as those that have to do with the spiritual man and with the unfolding of the spiritual powers of man. I myself left a legacy for the uplifting of mankind, and I found when I reached this side a place among an exalted company of spirits.

"This thought we all wish to impress upon you and upon the friends on earth, that there is a difference between the entrance into the spirit world of those who seek for spiritual unfolding and those who simply seek for scientific knowledge. Dr. Hodgson says that I shall tell you that it was a great error that he kept himself so largely attuned to material life and material things. You will understand he means that he did not move in the realm of the higher or spiritual. He

did not view these psychic matters from the standpoint that I did. He sought to base everything mainly on material facts and did not seek to interpret anything wholly as spiritual. One that comes over as he came over, is transplanted from one sphere of life into another like a babe just born. He has been besieged since he is here with messages started from your side. All manner of questions are being carried to him by messengers. This is all in vain; he can not answer. He repeats that I shall tell you he realizes now that he saw only one side of this great question, and that the lesser important.

"He says that I should convey to you this message as a test of his identity: In a letter he wrote to you, he intimated that you were going too fast in your investigations through this medium, and that he wrote you to go slow. He thought your way of investigation was not scientific because you took too much the spiritual view of things. Now he says that this attitude is the nearer right. [After a little while of silence.] You have a letter here addrest to him. [I handed the medium a sealed letter in which there was a letter addrest on the inside to Richard Hodgson, on the envelop the letter was addrest to "R"; in the letter I wrote: Who would you desire for your successor?] In this letter you ask who Dr. Hodgson would have for his successor. He says it should be a man who puts no less stress on the scientific side of investigation, but much more stress on the spiritual side than he did.

"It will be impossible for us to hold ourselves and control the medium longer. Good-night. We will come again some future day."

All through this sitting the gas light was turned on full. After the medium's regular "control" again took possession I asked her to tell me just how the letter inside the envelop was addrest. She finally gave it to me correctly—"Richard Hodgson."

The test for identification mentioned in the communication seems to refer to a letter I received from Dr. Hodgson April 1, 1905, in which he spoke derogatorily of Mrs. Pepper's mediumship and of the danger of deception, closing this part of the letter with these words:

"I believe that you have done an enormous amount of valuable work, especially in the open stand that you have taken for investigation, and for arousing the interest of a wider public, and it would be disastrous if you should commit yourself to the acceptance as supernormal, of manifestations which eventually prove to be due to fraud. I congratulate you most heartily on your help and I beg you to go cautiously as regards accepting any particular person's manifestations as genuine."

Observe these two points:

1. As this letter spoke against Mrs. Pepper I, of course, did not intimate to her or her friends that Dr. Hodgson had so written to me, putting me on my guard against her.

2. The reminder of this warning against Mrs. Pepper purports to come to me through the person who wrote the warning and it comes *through the very medium against whom he warned.* A curious fact; but, of course, as Dr. Hodgson was wont to say, "not of much evidential value."

"Oxion," spoken of in the above communication, was the pseudonym of Rev. Stainton Moses, who in

the later years of his life was the editor of *Life*, London; "Imperator" and the little "French Doctor" are among the spirit "controls" of Mrs. Pepper, and were often referred to in the Piper reports published from time to time by Dr. Hodgson while living.

3

INTERESTING BUT SCARCELY EVIDENTIAL

The most common explanation of "spirit communication," next to fraud on the one hand and spirits on the other, is the hypothesis of the secondary personality, or the "other self" of the medium. Often when the medium is in a hypnotic or trance condition a group or groups of latent brain cells seem to be quickened, and what appears to be another personality takes control and writes and talks through the medium and claims to be a foreign intelligence.

The medium may be wholly honest and yet this "other personality" be none other than the medium's self. Suggestion is a potent element in this phase of phenomena. Suggest to the intelligence that you wish to speak to Colonel Ingersoll, or Sam Patch, or your own father, and as likely as not the

medium's countenance and voice will take on the characteristics of the person suggested—or as nearly so as the medium's notions of the person are correct and his physical organization will permit.

In this we see exemplified the subjective-mind theory of Dr. Thomas Jay Hudson and the subliminal-mind theory of Frederic Myers; we also see illustrated the power of hypnosis and of suggestion.

I describe somewhat fully the following incident because it illustrates, if I do not greatly misjudge it, much of what passes for spirit communication but which has its source either in the conscious or unconscious self of the medium; no foreign or spirit intelligence has anything to do with it. There is not a feature in this whole Boston incident that requires the presence of a foreign spirit to explain; nor is there anything in the "talks" that suggest to me the personality of Dr. Hodgson.

Let no reader think that I charge the Rev. Mr. Wiggin as guilty of fraud. I was not present at these séances, nor have I ever met the man. All I claim is that neither the theory of fraud nor that of "spirits" is necessary to explain these communications. I think that at this stage of psychic investigation we are wholly justified in accepting the spirit hypothesis only when all other explanations fail.

There is another good reason for giving so much space to this incident: The "talks" present quite clearly certain aspects of the laws of communication that are generally accepted as explanatory by spiritualists.

But let us now to the *incident.*

Rev. Mr. Wiggin, a noted platform medium, in his church in Boston on Sunday, January 28, 1906, announced—or was it, as he claims, the spirit control through him that made the announcement?—that Dr. Hodgson was present, and desired to speak. Assuming control of the medium, this spirit, we are told, delivered a talk of some length. The following is a portion of the address, which I quote from the stenographer's official report, kindly sent to me:

"Mr. Chairman and Friends here assembled:

"I am more than grateful for the opportunity offered me at this time to come to speak for myself thus a few words, not alone to you but to the world.

"For quite a number of years I earnestly sought for the truth, I tried in every possible way to account for certain phenomena connected with spiritualism upon some other hypothesis than that assumed as correct by spiritualists. I was finally, by virtue of my most careful observation and investigation, forced to the conclusion that communication by the spirits of the so-called dead alone could account for the genuine phenomena of modern spiritualism.

"It has been but a short time—it seems to me but as yesterday—since I dropt earthly conditions.

"I do not come here to-night to gratify any idle curiosity;

I come to inform you that I have found it to be true that the individual consciousness of man survives the change called death.

"I come to tell you that heaven is reached by every one some time, but always and only by individual effort.

"I come to tell you that I am supremely happy to-night, at the full realization of the truth of the continuity of life and of the fact of spirit return.

"I come to tell you and those who were my past earth-life associates, that telepathy will not explain these phenomena.

"I come to tell you that subconsciousness, while a fact, is not a sufficient hypothesis to explain these phenomena.

"I do not expect by coming back to convince the world of this great truth of spirit return—a large majority of the people are not yet mentally prepared to receive it—but I do expect to convince some.

"I have a message which now I wish to deliver, and which I entreat your official stenographer to take down, and to send it to my old friend in New York, Dr. I. K. Funk. This message which I send will convince him that I who send it am Dr. Richard Hodgson. If he cares to reveal to the world the truth of the statement, it will have the effect of convincing many others.

"Tell him, that since coming to the world of spirits, I have met a beautiful spiritual woman, who informs me that she was his wife on earth. I, as he knows, did not possess knowledge in the earth-life, nor was I in a position myself to obtain the knowledge, as to the cause of this woman passing out of the physical body. Desiring some statement, which could be sent by me to him (as well as to others), of a nature that would convince him of my identity, I made inquiry of her as to the cause of her death, thinking perhaps that it might be of a nature that would be, when stated to him, convincing. I think it is.

"You tell him that his wife here in spirit says that if she had never climbed up to adjust the fixtures at the top of the window in their house, she would have retained still, probably,

her expression in bodily form. For, she fell, injuring her foot which resulted in her death.

"Now I know that there is not a person in this audience who is familiar with this fact; until coming to the spirit world, I had no knowledge of it. Dr. Funk alone is practically the only person in the earth-life who knows the exact facts. My knowledge of the fact will help to convince him of my identity."

. . . . . .

The message personal to me in the above was, of course, intended to be of evidential value, and it proved to be sufficiently sensational to lead the reporters of several papers to telegraph it to New York, and my telephone was kept busy for several hours with questions as to the truth of the incident reported in the message.

The message unfortunately contains a very grave error. My wife did not die because of an "accident," but, some thirty-five years ago, died of peritonitis in childbirth; but my *mother*, over two score years ago in Ohio, died exactly in the way described in the message except that she *stept* down from a chair, on a needle which resulted in her death—she did not fall. Quite naturally the funny men of the press grew merry over this slip of the spirit.

In thanking the Boston medium for his courtesy in sending me an "official copy" of the communication, I called his attention to the error and also called attention to the fact, that about a year prior

Mrs. Pepper at a public meeting in Brooklyn announced that my mother's spirit was present, and for identification told how she had died by stepping down from a chair on a needle. This communication was published in at least one New York paper at the time. It is not impossible that Mr. Wiggin had read or heard of this fact and that it was at the time of the Hodgson communication part of his mental furniture. This possibility greatly lessened the evidential value of the communication through the Boston clergyman.

The following are extracts from the reply which the clergyman sent to me several weeks later:

. . . . . .

"No one regrets more than I, that the Dr. Hodgson message should have been made a matter of so much public comment. . . . . .

"I am a graduate of a university, a careful and faithful student, and I am bound to credit myself with being above the kind of speech which too frequently obtains from the spiritualistic platform. . . . I am certain that I have a standing for respectability and integrity born of proper regard to family, church, and the general community. . . . I declare to you that the circumstances of the way your good mother passed to the higher life had never been read by me in any form of newspaper or other publication whatsoever, neither had I received any information, directly or indirectly, at any time concerning the matter. It occurs to me that the circumstance of a death in your family was stated in the Hodgson message approximately correct and why it should have been assigned to your wife in spirit, I,

personally, do not at this time attempt to explain, notwithstanding I entertain theories with reference to the subject.

. . . . . .

"I am frequently clairvoyant, especially in the early part of the day, and I do know, unless all my senses are capable of deceiving me, that I have twice seen the apparition of Dr. Hodgson. I am also clairaudient at times, and upon one of these occasions I distinctly and in every sense by a purely objective appreciation heard him say:—

"'I have with much difficulty clothed myself with respect to all physical characteristics as accurately as possible. You knew me while in the body, do you not recognize me now?' I replied: 'Yes, it is Dr. Hodgson.' To which he replied: 'Thank you, that helps and encourages me,' and the apparition was in a moment gone.

"When returning from the trance state, I am not competent to bear testimony with reference to the personality of the intelligence that may have controlled me, but somehow both the individuality of the spirit and what has been said, is registered in my mind at least in a degree, and whatever view may be entertained by others, I am held to the faith that it was Dr. Hodgson who voiced the message of January 28 as well as the one herewith enclosed.

"The incongruities and discrepancies in the message must, in order to satisfy me, be explained in some other way than by a denial of the individuality assigned or by any theory of an attempt upon my part to deceive. My integrity, however, I trust is not in question." . . . . . .

More to the point and far more interesting and valuable, could we be wholly sure of its authenticity, is the explanation given by the spirit of Dr. Hodgson at a subsequent Sunday meeting, he having heard, it seems, of the criticism. He tells how the infor-

mation which he gave to the medium got twisted. The following I quote from the stenographic notes of this second address.

That the reader may have a clearer idea of the way these communications come, I give the stenographic notes somewhat in full.

"Stenographic report of message delivered by spirit of Dr. Richard Hodgson, through the mediumship of Rev. Frederick A. Wiggin, at Séance held under the auspices of Unity Church, Boston, Mass., Sunday evening, February eighteenth, nineteen hundred and six, at Jordan Hall, New England Conservatory of Music.

. . . . . .

"*Mr. Chairman and Friends:*

"I come once more through this instrument in the endeavor to register upon your minds something with reference to the facts pertaining to spirit control and return. The message which I have to deliver to-night will be comparatively brief. I wish your stenographer would carefully take down every word I speak, not alone because of its importance, but more especially that I may not be misquoted. I furthermore desire this message sent immediately to my old friend in New York, Dr. I. K. Funk.

"Say to the world and to him, that I, Richard Hodgson, of spirit life, have found myself at last adjusted to the sphere of my present habitation. . . . All expression would be quite impossible without some medium, and until some development in conscious evolution—in the course of the things which pertain to the development which is spiritual—determines an exact ratio in spiritual comprehension upon the part of the medium and the understanding of the same by the spirit attempting to communicate. Until then incontrovertible facts of spirit return, and especially of identity, will continue difficult to obtain.

"I find upon attempting to converse with human beings through mediums, that impression, or impact, must be made upon the inner of the dual mind and for oral expression outer faculties must be employed.

"The excarnate world is not in perfect conscious accord with the objective faculties of human beings, and seldom is a trance so thorough that the inner or subconscious mind of the medium is attuned to his own intellectual sphere—which is of the spiritual—whereby it may establish itself the dominating factor of the psychic's mental organism.

"Whenever the subjective mind desires to express itself or to voice an impression made upon it, objectively, its medium for doing so must be one or more of sensitives, whereby normal understanding becomes palpable. But let it be known that subconsciousness is in the ascendency only when the psychic is fully entranced. In order to employ any one of the normal senses of the psychic, his objective mind is to an extent aroused and the trance becomes partial only; with the semi-awakening of the normal senses of the psychic, the only department of his mind capable of receiving definite impressions from the spirit is frequently interfered with. The medium is not wholly aroused from the trance, but to a degree the objective mind receives the spirit impression made upon the inner mind only as an echo.

"This will explain the reason for the discrepancy made in the message which I voiced in the words to Dr. Funk, and the general public through this medium on the evening of the 28th day of January, 1906. I focused the facts of the case of the fall of Dr. Funk's mother, together with other matters, clearly enough upon the seat of the medium's receptive consciousness; but to the medium's partially aroused objective mind, the person of Dr. Funk's wife was realized. The error of assigning the circumstance connected with the mother, was due to the fact that the medium's objective senses took cognizance of the wife and the subconsciousness received the impression as from me.

"It is true that such results are embarrassing to a medium of intelligence through whom they are made. But instead

of condemning the medium, he should be encouraged, and especially by scientists, to try again in the hope of getting a more perfect statement. . . . I entertain conclusions with reference to psychic phenomena very different from those I entertained while living in the body.

"It is not my desire to reach simply the Psychical Research Society with a message that shall appeal to their more or less scientific minds, but rather it is my desire to reach the world with a word of assurance that shall give comfort."

. . . . . .

It is difficult to refrain from wondering why the spirit of Dr. Hodgson, if it were really he, did not correct the error "then and there" when the medium first uttered it. Are we to believe the spirit impinges his thought on the medium's brain, and does not hear the voice of the medium and hence is not aware whether the message is transmitted correctly or not? Oddly as this may seem to us, Dr. Hodgson told me when he was in the flesh that this is a fact with many of the communications that come from spirits through Mrs. Piper.

Moreover, I can not help but think that if this communication was from Dr. Hodgson, it is a pity that it did not occur to him to select an incident that had not been referred to recently in the press; but as spirits are not omniscient, it may be that he was not at all aware of this publication.

In fairness, however, to the Rev. Mr. Wiggin and to the ghost of my esteemed friend, I here record

a curious coincidence. While I was preparing this Hodgson chapter for the press, there called at my residence a gentleman whom I had never previously met, the actor Walter Hubbell, a gentleman who has been on the stage many years and is favorably spoken of in theatrical and other circles; he is the author of the well-known book "The Amherst Mystery." Mr. Hubbell gave me the following personal experiences which he had at a meeting in a public hall where the same Rev. Mr. Wiggin was speaker and medium. This was some two years ago in Boston.

These notes Mr. Hubbell tells me he wrote out immediately after returning from the church—I give them entire:

JOHN MCCULLOUGH'S GHOST

I have had such a remarkable experience to-night that I hasten to write it out, as a matter of record, while it is still fresh in my mind.

Having heard that the Rev. F. A. Wiggin, pastor of the Spiritual Temple, would close his lectures and séances to-night, until September, I attended.

It having been stated that Mr. Wiggin is controlled by the spirit of John McCullough, the tragedian, whom I knew, I obtained a piece of blue paper of a deep and uncommon shade of color, not easily matched or duplicated, and with purple ink wrote these words upon it: "John McCullough, do you remember this? 'Does no one speak? I am defendant here!' " After Mr. Wiggin had given a number of messages to the writers of letters placed on the table, he stopt for a moment, and said: "Friends, I wish to

say that I, the spirit of John McCullough, the actor, control this medium, and that some person in this audience has written some words I often spoke upon the stage in earth-life, upon a piece of paper, asking me if I remember them. I know the person who asks this question well, and he has appeared upon the stage with me. The words he asks about I spoke for years before Appius Claudius in the Forum Scene, of the Fourth Act, of 'Virginius,' after my return from battle and they are: 'Does no one speak? I am defendant here!' The paper containing them is now upon the table and I have not touched it."

I replied that this was all correct. He then addrest me and said: "And you have been in that same play?' To which I replied: "Yes, but not with you, John, but with another." And he answered or rather affirmed my statement, by saying: "Yes, I know that." All of which is the truth, I having appeared with him in "Coriolanus," "Jack Cade," and "The Gladiator," but never in "Virginius," appearing afterward as "Appius Claudius," when another man played "Virginius" after John had passed away.

The séance then proceeded, letters being answered for a score or more of persons; Mr. Wiggin being blindfolded all the while, as from the first, with a black silk handkerchief. When I heard him remark that the séance would soon close, I said: "John, may I ask you a question?" He replying in the affirmative, I asked if he had met Edwin Forrest in the spirit-world. The answer was: "Often." I then asked if Forrest was now happy. He replied that no man knew Forrest better than he did in earth-life, and that he knew Forrest's surrounding conditions made him, while on the earth plane, unhappy, but that now he was with people who understood him and that he was contented.

He concluded his conversation with me by remarking that there were but few tragedians on the stage, owing to the strange ideas of the managers, who were wrong about it; and that he would talk with me again. I will close this account by remarking that instead of putting the piece of blue paper upon which I had written the words already

mentioned into the large basket at the door on entering the hall I kept it concealed in my inside coat pocket, until the small box for collecting coins was placed in front of me. I placed the paper in the box, and it was carried directly to the platform, consequently never being out of my sight. I do not know Mr. Wiggin at all, and did not know, either personally or by sight, even one of the one thousand intelligent ladies and gentlemen composing the audience, all of whom can corroborate this statement of facts.

As I have never appeared on the stage of any theater in Boston, I am sure no person in that audience knew or recognized me—except the ghost or spirit of John McCullough.

(Signed) WALTER HUBBELL.

1038 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

In answer to my question Mr. Hubbell assures me that he did not mention to any one his intention to attend this séance, nor did he sign his name to the question, nor was there anything about the written note to identify him; that he placed the letter in the box with the written side down and he put a coin on top of it; that Mr. Wiggin sat in the center of the stage when Mr. Hubbell entered the hall, and that he did not leave the stage for an instant nor did any one approach him up to the time that he answered this question; that the various questions sent up by the audience were dumped out of the baskets upon the table in front of Mr. Wiggin. Mr. Wiggin was blindfolded prior to Mr. Hubbell's entrance.

Mr. Hubbell is himself well acquainted with the tricks of professional jugglers, and is somewhat of an

adept in producing them. He has been frequently behind the curtains at juggling exhibitions and has watched the confederates working the wires and manipulating the other machinery. It is not likely that Mr. Hubbell would be an easy man for a professional medium to trick. I have letters from nearly a dozen men of standing who bear strong testimony to Mr. Hubbell's sincerity, honesty, and honor, having known him from five to twenty years. After carefully investigating I have no doubt as to Mr. Hubbell's good faith in his narration.

IV

THE PHENOMENA KNOWN AS INDEPENDENT VOICES

WHAT are known in spiritualistic parlance as independent voices are a startling class of phenomena —hard to believe as are those of materialization.

What is an independent voice?

By this name the spiritualist usually means that the spirit entity organizes a set of vocal organs independent of the medium's body, and talks through these organs. A heavy draft this, on credulity, for it asks us to believe that there is extemporized out of hand in the séance-room a human throat, larynx, vocal cords, palate, tongue, teeth, lips and lungs—or something equivalent to them—all this in a few minutes of time.

"Immeasurably absurd," of course, nine out of ten average readers will exclaim.

Can we believe it?

That is not the question. The question to be settled is, is it a fact? If a fact, that settles it; but so strange a fact must be supported by proof of an incontestable sort. If a fact, we must accept it, and then account for it how and when we can.

1

In the early part of 1905 I received a letter from a prominent lawyer in Buffalo, N. Y.—Mr. E. C. Randall, head of the firm of Randall, Hurley & Porter, requesting that I investigate "a remarkable medium" of his acquaintance, by name Emily S. French,[1] through whom come independent voices and for whose honesty he would vouch. Said he: "About fourteen years ago I became acquainted with this woman. I was sure her phenomena were the result of fraud and I determined to expose it. After many sittings and exacting experiments I became convinced that they were genuine, and finally at the suggestion of the spirit intelligences I had fitted up a séance-room in my own house in which my wife, the medium, and myself held séances, and we have done this now for more than a dozen years. I have tested Mrs. French in every way I can think of, and am thoroughly convinced that the phenomena are what they claim to be. The talks are often exceedingly instructive and I have had many of them taken down in shorthand. I wish you would do me and others here the favor to investigate thor-

[1] I give the name of this medium in full because Mr. Randall in his lately published book, "Life's Progress," does this.

oughly these manifestations, and I would be very glad to have you visit us and remain as long as you desire at my house for this purpose. Every facility for thorough scientific investigation will be granted you. Rest assured, you will find the phenomena exactly what I tell you they are."

About the same time I received an urgent letter from an editor of one of the leading dailies in the western part of the State, urging a "scientific investigation of some extraordinary psychic phenomena that come through a Mrs. French, and which are perplexing some of our best minds. The phenomena are much out of the ordinary, and the medium is not a public medium who exhibits for pay."

Shortly after this correspondence Mr. A. W. Moore, the secretary of the Rochester Art Club, wrote to me as follows—I quote very fully from his letter as its story is interestingly told:

"My attention was called to Mrs. French's phase of mediumship about twenty years ago, when I was on the editorial staff of the *Union and Advertiser*, Rochester, N. Y.

"At that time I was not only an unbeliever in spiritual manifestation, but prejudiced against it, believing it nothing but fraud. In reporting of it to the press I always treated mediumship with ridicule and sarcasm.

"One summer's day I had occasion to visit Hemlock Lake and there met by chance J. Nelson Tubbs, the well-known civil engineer, and now Inspector of the Erie Canal. Our conversation drifted into Spiritualism which I so firmly discountenanced and ridiculed that he asked when, where,

and how long I had investigated the subject. I had to confess that I had really investigated the subject very slightly. He pointed out the inconsistency of my condemning mediumship and taking such strong grounds against it without ever having taken the trouble to examine into the subject, and he warned me to be careful in writing about it until I got better posted. Mr. Tubbs then gave me an account of his investigations carried on during a series of years which resulted in his being a firm believer in spirit return. He gave an account of his experiences with various mediums and particularly the phase of manifestation peculiar to Mrs. French, viz.: Independent voices. He advised me to have a talk with Judge Dean Shuart of Rochester, who was for many years Judge of the Surrogate Court of Monroe County.

"The fact that two such level-headed men—one an eminent civil engineer and mathematician, demanding 'weight and measure' in his profession; the other, a learned jurist and man of such unimpeachable character that he had been repeatedly elected to the responsible office of Surrogate Judge—had profest their full belief in spiritism, caused me to reflect deeply. I, therefore, on my return home, sought out Judge Shuart, and that gentleman told me many things that set me to thinking. He spoke of Mrs. French and arranged for me to attend a private séance at the house of a mutual friend.

"In the mean time, with a newspaper man's soul, I found out something about the lady's antecedents. She belongs to the American branch of the Pierrepont family, the head of which is the Earl of Manvers, whose principal estate is at Holme Pierrepont, Nottinghamshire, England. I borrowed a book giving the history of the American branch, in which there is a list of the members of the family then living in the United States. In the list I found the name of the late Judge Pierrepont, one time minister to the Court of St. James, London, and at the very end, I found the names of Mrs. Emily S. French and her only child, Mrs. D. Oberst. Mrs. French is the widow of the late Lieut. French of the United States Volunteers, who lost his life during the War of

the Rebellion. She draws the pension of an officer's widow. For many years she has made her home with her daughter, and her chief pleasure in life is administering to the comfort and education of her grandchildren. She is a lady of refinement and possesses the charming, unassuming, and gentle manners of a well-born race.

"With this information I attended a séance as arranged by Judge Shuart. There were present, besides my wife and myself, Mr. and Mrs. Austin (our hosts), and Judge Shuart and one or two others. We met in a small room upstairs and after being seated and taking hold of hands in a circle, the light was extinguished. It was explained to me that it was absolutely necessary that not the slightest trace of light be allowed to enter the room. Judge Shuart asked all present to sing, saying that vibrations were necessary. We, therefore, sang several familiar songs and afterward talked on various subjects, when all at once, a voice, loud and sonorous, high above our heads, exclaimed: 'I greet you, my friends!' The suddenness of the voice startled all present into silence, and the speaker continued to talk. After continuing for a while, the voice said: 'Ask any questions you may wish and I will answer them to the best of my ability.' I asked, 'What is your name?' The answer came, 'I was known as Red Jacket when in the mortal.' I then asked him to describe conditions in the spirit-world and the passing of the spirit out of the body. In reply, Red Jacket gave a long talk on his own experience. He said at the time of his passing out he was in a very low spiritual condition, due to the excessive use of 'fire-water' which the white man had taught him to indulge in, and also to his intense hatred of the 'pale faces' on account of their having robbed his people of their hunting grounds, etc. He then described some of the ordeals his spirit had to undergo in order to overcome the desire for strong drink which still clung to him, and to turn his hatred of the white man into love.

"I can merely touch upon my experience at this séance. Other voices came, male and female. My impression at the close of the séance was that the whole thing was an imposture,

and I determined to find it out somehow. I told Judge Shuart frankly that the voices were made by some living person, and that if he would examine the cellar of the house he would find a pipe leading from thence to the room. The Judge immediately requested me to go with him into the cellar, a damp low-ceilinged place, full of cobwebs, but we saw not the slightest indication of a speaking-tube. I then fell back on ventriloquism and accused Mr. Austin of doing the business.

"To all of this Judge Shuart listened kindly and suggested that I follow up my investigations until I had discovered the fraud. 'If there is fraud in Mrs. French's circles,' the Judge said, 'I would like to know it, because my time is too precious to waste by attending these séances.' Continuing he said, 'I have been sitting with Mrs. French from time to time for the past five years and tested her in every possible way that my mind could suggest, but I have never discovered the slightest trace of fraud. My friend, you will, if you continue your investigations, be compelled to acknowledge that Mrs. French's voices are occasioned by a power beyond the material, and the only conclusion you can arrive at is that they are, as they claim to be, Spiritual.'

"To be brief, I will say I attended another séance at the house of Mr. Austin, with the full conviction that I would be able to detect Mr. Austin as the ventriloquist. But on arriving at the house I found that he had been telegraphed for by his son who was mayor of a town in Colorado. Consequently, the séance took place without the presence of the man I suspected. The voices came as usual and stronger than on the previous occasion. I was placed next to Mrs. French in the circle and took hold of her left hand, her other hand being taken by Judge Shuart. When the voices came Mrs. French placed her mouth on the back of my hand until the spirits ceased talking.

"While Red Jacket delivered an address his voice suddenly seemed to die out like the notes of an organ when the wind fails, and he exclaimed 'Sing!' When his voice came again he explained that the cause of his voice failing was lack of

vibrations, and he entered upon a discourse regarding the wonderful atmospheres, electrical conditions, ethers, and vibratory forces of which mortals were quite ignorant, that formed the conditions that enabled spirits to throw their voices into our atmosphere. At the conclusion of this séance I was just as skeptical as ever, and still more determined to fathom the mystery of the voices.

"I went again and again to the séances held by Mrs. French and I took with me one of the chief skeptics in the city, Mr. J. McCall, who denounced the whole proceeding as a fraud, but he failed to point it out. His vehement denunciation of Mrs. French aroused me to protest, and I said, surely before you are so loud in your condemnation you ought to point out where the voices come from. 'The fact is,' I said, 'I am beginning to think that they may be spirit-voices, because I have exhausted every device for detecting fraud and failed.' 'Did you ever have Mrs. French give a séance in your own house?' asked McCall. 'No,' said I. 'Then,' replied he, 'if you can get her to produce the voices in your house you will find, if she accepts your invitation, that the thing won't work.' I asked Mrs. French if she would come to my house. She replied that nothing would give her greater pleasure. A few days afterward, Mr. McCall and wife were at our house and I suggested that it would be a good opportunity to have Mrs. French over. I walked to her house, a short distance away, and brought her back with me. We sat in my study, and there were present on the occasion Mr. and Mrs. McCall, a nephew of mine just arrived from England, my wife, and myself. We had no sooner turned out the light when Red Jacket said in the loudest tones I had yet heard: 'You see, Brother Moore, I can come to you even in your own house!' He then went on to describe the work he was doing as a missionary spirit. It took him a long time, he said, to outgrow earth conditions and appetites, in order that he might try and undo many things he had done in the flesh. His great anxiety was to come and return good for evil among those whom he called the 'pale faces.' He was happy when he attracted the

attention of the white men so that he could teach them something of spiritual law. He said the spirits are working very hard to bring about conditions by which there can be an intercommunication between the two worlds, and the time is coming, said Red Jacket, when materialized spirits would appear upon platforms and address large audiences. The reason that Indian spirits took a large part in spiritual manifestations is because America was their hunting-ground and the red men lived close to Nature and were thus tremendously magnetic.

"Well, in brief, the séance was most wonderful; not only did Red Jacket come with great power, but several other spirits who spoke on different topics.

"The result of this séance was, that Mr. McCall shook hands with me and said, 'Moore, I believe the voices are spiritual!' From that date Mr. McCall became a thorough believer and prominent in Spiritualistic circles.

"Since that period I have attended so many of Mrs. French's circles that it would be impossible to give in a letter the many wonderful communications I have had. . . . I think I can say that I have attended in the neighborhood of one thousand of Mrs. French's séances in the last twenty years.

"I have learned enough wisdom from the old Seneca Sachem Red Jacket regarding spiritual things to fill a large volume. His sermons are at times full of pathos and beauty, and I have known the circle to be brought to tears by his eloquence. He lays great stress on the necessity of living lives of purity, temperance, and benevolence. He admonishes us especially to be charitable toward those who oppose the spiritual philosophy and cling tenaciously to dogmatic theology. He tells us not to try and convert people, but by our example and words draw them to inquire into that which gives blessings and peace to us.

"I might add many things to this testimony regarding Mrs. French, whom I believe to be a most honorable and trustworthy lady, who would scorn to do a dishonest thing, and would never for one moment give herself over to fraud and

deceit. The fact is, she does not have to, as her manifestations are among the most wonderful and instructive to be found in the world to-day."

Mr. Moore in his correspondence again and again urged that I undertake a serious investigation of the psychic phenomena as manifested through Mrs. French.

Earnest as were these and other urgings, I said "No," having so often been led on wild-goose chases in hunting up phenomena of this class and classes similar to it, and besides I long since had made up my mind to accept no phenomena as genuine when the conditions were not wholly under my control, and these, it seemed to me, would not be, especially as they were produced in the dark.

Finally, I was visited in my New York office by a lawyer from Rochester, a man whose integrity and level-headedness are nowhere questioned and who is a lawyer of State-wide reputation. He came to urge me to the same investigation. He told me that he also had known Mrs. French for many years, and had visited her sittings very many times the past five years; that his partner, now dead, who was also a prominent lawyer and a judge, was thoroughly convinced of her honesty, and was convinced that the phenomena were of spirit origin; he declared that he himself was not a Spiritualist, and hence did

not wish his name mentioned in connection with the matter, and finally suggested that he should try to induce this aged woman to come to New York for two weeks, and to be wholly under my direction, for the most thorough investigation that I would care to make. He said it would be best, however, for him to send with her a lady friend of his, as Mrs. French was now over seventy years of age and was exceedingly feeble, being afflicted with heart trouble which made it unsafe for her to travel alone. He assured me that she gave no sittings for pay, that she was a refined, well-bred woman, a delicate lady in every sense of the word, and that the friend whom he would send with her as an escort was one that he had known for nearly a quarter of a century, and for whom he would vouch in the strongest possible way.

I finally assented, and the conditions agreed upon were as follows:

1. No one was to come with Mrs. French except the one lady escort.

2. Both ladies should stop at the home that I designated.

3. That the sittings should be at such house as I would make known to them *after* their arrival in New York, and this house was not to be visited by the medium or her friend except during our sittings, nor by any person representing them.

4. Both women were to follow my directions absolutely while in New York City.

These terms were accepted cheerfully.

The unconditional acceptance of the requirements made of the series of tests a very interesting case.

In the first place, there was nothing doubtful in the history of the medium. The testimony from those who knew her showed that she was most highly respected, that she had in her favor the verdict of the jury of the vicinage where she had lived over three score years. This rightly counts for much in one's favor. Among those of whom I have since inquired concerning her history are many who have known her for many years, all at least five years, and one, a man who had been acquainted with her for over sixty years. She has come of good stock, and that is also an element that counts; she is a Pierrepont, one of the most noted families of the State of New York; in short she is what the old-fashioned novelists would call high- or lady-bred. Those of whom I have inquired—several of whom are not Spiritualists—are unanimous in telling me that they regard her as a person incapable of deception or falsehood.

But, in the acceptance of so uncommon a phenomenon as that of independent voices, our proof should be of a sort that does not depend at all on the

honesty of the medium. People of good reputation, even "Sunday-school men," have been known to lie. Proof that measures up to the standard required must be of a kind that implies an absurdity to suppose the phenomenon is not what is claimed for it.

Still, it was a satisfaction to have, for testing, a medium with an unblemished reputation, and to have for point two—a séance-room that made trap-doors and confederates impossibilities. A close friend of mine, a wealthy business man in New York, whom I have known for over thirty years, consented to permit me to use a room in his family apartment for this series of séances. It would be difficult to conceive of a better room for this purpose. The windows of the apartment are so arranged that they all open out about fifty feet above the surface of the ground. It is entered by two doors, one from the hall which leads to the elevator, and the other from a fire-escape. The latter at all of our sittings was locked and chained from the inside, and in addition a heavy trunk rested against the door. The hall door was also locked from the inside. At several of the series of sittings I kept the key of this door in my pocket during the entire time. The persons at the séances were this friend whom I will call Mr. Z., his wife and daughter and myself, the medium and her lady escort—these comprized all of the persons who

were in the apartment; not a servant, not even an animal pet of any kind was allowed in the apartment during the sittings, except on two occasions—once we invited an outside friend, and once a friend and his wife.

Mrs. Z. has often investigated Spiritualistic phenomena with me during the last twenty years. She is an expert at this kind of detective work. Her daughter also has attended a large number of séances, and withal is an author of reputation. Both Mrs. and Miss Z. are very skeptical as to the Spiritualistic hypothesis and are, in my judgment, keen investigators and have a lively knowledge of human nature, especially of the woman sort. Mr. Z. himself has been for years a student of psychic matters and has had no little experience with the tricks of mediumistic fakers. I know of no house or family better fitted for the work I here and then undertook.

There is another fact to be noted. After my attention was first called to Mrs. French, I had a friend who is an able expert in psychic matters go from New York to Buffalo to attend some of Mrs. French's séances and to make report to me. He did so, and his report on the whole was *unfavorable*, basing his conclusions mainly on the darkness of the séance-room, the possibility of the medium producing the voices herself, and also on this other fact, that one

of the voices spoke of a physician who was sick at a distance from Buffalo, a fact my friend afterward discovered was *known personally to the medium.* The opportunities for investigation by this friend were not of the best, and the time was brief and, as he afterward informed me, he was not acquainted "with all the facts that are favorable to Mrs. French." I had the detailed written report of this friend for my guidance in my own much larger series of sittings. Having the medium in the house of my selection gave me also a great advantage.

I trust my readers will pardon me for digressing at this point a moment in reply to certain critics.

Again and again Spiritualists lose patience with me, one saying very vigorously that I am not a medium and hence can not be competent to judge of mediumship. The conclusion may be sound, but it is a non-sequitur. I believe that I am better fitted to pass judgment on mediumship than a medium can possibly be, who is always supersensitive and often in a trance. John B. Finch used to say, "I can not lay an egg, but I am a better judge whether an egg is good or bad than all the hens in the country."

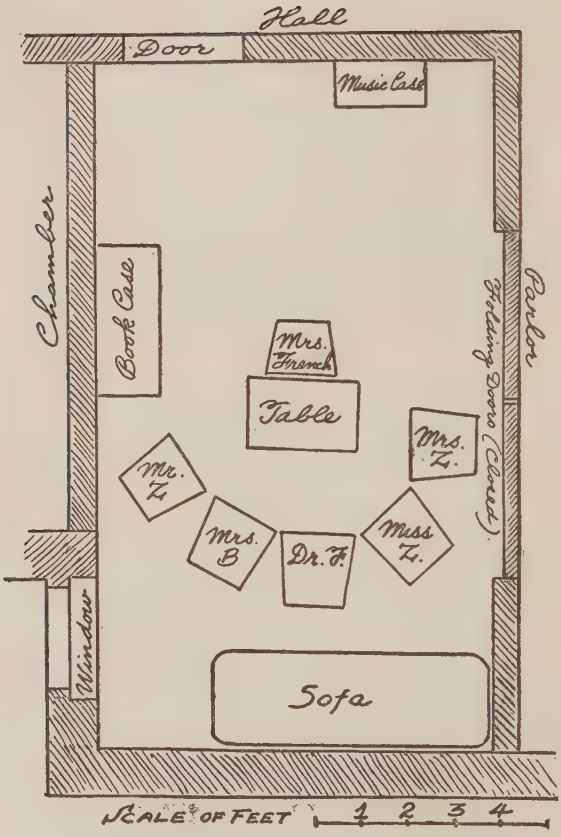
J. R. Francis, the editor of the *Progressive Thinker*, a Spiritualistic paper published in Chicago, has done

more—I am sure I am well within bounds in saying it—to free Spiritualism from fraud than any other man in America. Mr. Francis has been pleased in writing recently to declare that he regards me as "an ideal investigator of psychic phenomena," and that he regards my methods as being exact and far-reaching and altogether fair. I think it well to say these things at this point so as to help lead my readers to free their minds as far as possible from all prepossession against my testimony concerning the extraordinary facts I record in the following pages.

THE TESTING OF "INDEPENDENT VOICES"

First Sitting, Monday, May 29, 1905:

Mrs. French and her escort Mrs. Blank arrived in New York on Monday evening, May 29, 1905, at about 6 o'clock P.M. At 7:30 they were escorted from the boarding-house by Miss Z. to the apartment which I had selected for the séances. The room off the parlor had been fitted up by Mr. Z. as a séance-room, simply by arranging the one window to the room so as to exclude the outside light. The size of this room is about twelve feet square. We were seated in a semicircle around a small table in the order indicated on the diagram.



THE ROOM WHERE THE "INDEPENDENT VOICE" EXPERIMENTS WERE MADE

It was decided that our series of meetings should be held in the evenings, beginning promptly at 7:30 o'clock and that the sittings were to be strictly private.

I dislike the condition of absolute darkness in the production of psychic phenomena, as it immensely increases the difficulty of making absolute tests. I asked a "control" at one of our earlier meetings the reason why they could not produce their phenomena without darkness. The answer was: "The nature of the phenomena and the physical condition of the medium make any other course impossible. Were the medium in good health we might carefully experiment, but now we can not. To try it would be fatal to the medium. We understand your wishes and the reason for them, but you must believe us when we tell you that you ask what is impossible." This of course proved nothing, nor did it help us over the difficulty; yet, of course, it is true that light has a certain dynamic power. Every second, millions of light waves strike blows where they are admitted, and there are processes in nature from which it must be excluded. As has often been said, the prenatal child matures in absolute darkness, and light must be excluded from the photographic plate.

Electrical Engineer W. W. Bradfield of the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company wrote me, under

date of May 23, 1906, that light at times has been found a serious detriment in wireless telegraphy. This fact was first noticed on the occasion of "a voyage made by M. Marconi on the SS. Philadelphia, when he observed that at 500 miles from our station at Poldhu, Cornwall, England, signals received in the day were not appreciably weaker than those received the night before at about 350 miles. So soon, however, as the distance exceeded 700 miles, no signals were received during the day, altho at night they remained clearly perceptible up to a distance of 2,000 miles."

Prof. Charles Richet, in his address published in the January (1905) number of the *Annals of Psychic Science*, says: Moreover, there is nothing unreasonable in the admission that light may exercise an inhibitory effect upon certain kinds of phenomena. It is often alleged: "Darkness is required by spirits only because all kinds of trickery are possible in the dark, but this conclusion is absurd." Pp. 28, 29. Richet further holds that if careful precautions are taken "it is rather foolish to consider worthless all experiments made in the dark."

Absolute darkness calls for special care, but this is not a sufficient reason to refuse to investigate.

This evening before we entered the cabinet-room we observed that Mrs. French was exceedingly deaf,

so deaf in fact, that it was difficult to make her hear in conversation except the voice was considerably raised, and this even when we were removed from her not more than three feet. This fact became an important one in our testings, and hence afterward I sought for fullest confirmation of her deafness by correspondence with several physicians who have attended her—including Dr. Alvin A. Hubbell, of Buffalo, a specialist in eye and ear diseases recognized as an authority of much weight; especially is his testimony here of special importance as he is not a Spiritualist. The testimony of these various doctors leaves no doubt in my mind as to the genuineness of this serious defect in the hearing of Mrs. French. (See Appendix A.)

We waited in the darkness about twenty minutes, having joined hands. It will be observed by the diagram [see page 100] that Mrs. Blank was placed between Mr. Z. and myself, he having hold of her left hand, and I having hold of her right hand; and Miss Z. was next to me and Mrs. Z. next to her. Mrs. French sat at the table directly in front of myself, about four feet distant. The first voice that came was an exceedingly loud masculine voice which, we were informed by Mrs. Blank, was that of one of the controls, the Indian chief, Red Jacket—the inevi-

table Indian! The voice spoke consecutively about ten minutes on the work the "forces" wished to do at this series of meetings—he and those with him. They were exceedingly anxious, this voice assured us, to make us know, and make those with whom we came in contact know—not believe, but *know*—that life is continuous.[1]

"We live," he said, "as real lives—more real—on this side than we did when on earth. The laws that govern life are the same here as with you. In fact, everything here is so real that many who come over—die, as you call it—do not know for a long time that they are dead. A great part of the work to be done here is to instruct the dead in the true science of progress. To the circles held by this medium we often bring dazed and earth-bound spirits, so as to be able to reach their consciousness through earth surroundings. We and they are then brought to the same place and we then can better make them understand their condition, they at these séances often recognize the voices of those whom in earth-life they knew, and who

[1] In these "talks," the ideas are those of the intelligences or "spirits," but the verbiage is often my own. As I said in the preface to the "Widow's Mite," p. 5, "I have a memory that has a reputation with editorial associates of being unusually retentive of *thoughts*, but it is a wretched verbal memory." I wrote out each evening a full report of the meeting.

are in the circle. Many of you people in the flesh think that those who die are done with time and with the earth, but it is still time and it is still earth after we pass over. We have not reached the outlines of time nor of the material world. Life on both sides of the grave is part of the same plan and has the same object and is governed largely by the same laws.

"Think not that the spirit world has not a language of its own. We have a language compared with which the earth languages are blundering. It is heart-and-mind-language. You have what you call telepathy. Do any of you know what that is? When you find that out you will know somewhat about our language.

"It may be said that the spirit hears what it wishes to hear, and that it makes its own world. Each spirit is a creator. You have faculties that are now only faintly imagined by you. There is reality. The Great Spirit is reality. We can not explain these things to you. Only the most developed among us know the beginnings of these things. We blunder here as you blunder on the earth, but there is great progress. You must not believe every spirit any more than you believe every man. To some this is a dream world, or rather dream worlds, for there are as many of these worlds almost as there are individuals. But this spirit world is also subject to law. It has its environments and its develop-

ments. It has its scientific basis and limitations as you would call it. You must learn to think of this world and of the people in it as real."

The various talks of Red Jacket this evening in all must have covered one hour, bearing largely on the main thought running through the above talk. This kind of talk is not new to those who frequently attend the better class of séances. If we can believe these "spirits" death is not a barrier, but a highway, like was the sea to the Vikings. But the thoughts exprest had comparatively little interest to me, for I already believed these truths, and some of them seemed to be but an echo from my own mind and might have been gathered by any bright medium through reading my mind. What I wished to know was whether this loud voice was produced by that feeble little woman sitting at the table; or whether the voice was produced through extemporized vocal organs by a foreign intelligence—this latter alternative seemed to me extremely improbable.

The thought exprest by the other voices during this first evening was all of an exalted kind, and they were always ready to answer the questions which we asked.

Some of the voices were bright and one or two even "snappy," but the voices of Red Jacket and Dr. Hossack, another of the principal controls, were ex-

ceedingly serious, impressing one that their owners were intelligences of great earnestness.

It was quickly evident that one of two hypotheses must furnish the explanation of these phenomena. Either they were produced through conscious fraud on the part of the medium, a fraud which has been continued now for more than two score years, or they were produced by foreign intelligences. Let it be remembered that the hands of all in the circle were joined together, except the hands of the medium, I having hold of the right hand of Mrs. Blank and Mr. Z. having hold of her left hand. We frequently talked to Mrs. Blank while the voices were talking. Mrs. Blank was in this way practically eliminated from the problem. The voice of Red Jacket appeared to come from a point some four feet above the head of the medium, and about three feet to the left of her as she sat facing the members of the semicircle.

After I had fully fixt the locality in my mind, I asked one after another in the circle to locate the point in the room from which the voice came. This I did without telling my own impression. All located it at about the same spot that I did.

It must be remembered that it is not an easy thing to locate from whence a sound comes in darkness. Those who have never tried it will find it an inter-

esting experiment. At my request, the voice of Red Jacket changed to different parts of the room. This it did *always on the side where the medium was sitting.* In reply to a question why he could not come behind those of us who were in the circle and speak, he said: "It is necessary for us to be near the medium, as we draw force from her"—a possible, but an unfortunate necessity. Had the medium stood on a chair or used a long jointed megaphone she could herself have made the voice come from the point whence it seemed to come—that is, if possest of the power to produce the voice.

We sat in the circle about one hour and a half, and as the medium was fatigued by travel, it was suggested by one of the controls that we close the sitting for the evening. Instructions were given us by the controls to have the room on the succeeding nights the same as this night, and to occupy hereafter the same seats. This voice was introduced to us as that of Dr. Hossack, a physician who, we were told, when on earth was a professor in Columbia College, New York City.[1] This was in the early part of the last century. There seemed a trace of Mrs. French's voice in that of Dr. Hossack, but none of us could discover in the

[1] If I mistake not, this is the name of the physician who attended Hamilton after the fatal duel with Burr. Dr. Hossack claims to have been this physician.

voice of Red Jacket any semblance to the exceptionally feeble voice of Mrs. French. We determined hereafter to watch carefully for this similarity, believing that in it we might get the key to the mystery. Mrs. French is a frail woman of about one hundred and seventeen pounds weight, seventy-two years of age, with a pulse that indicates quite a weak and irregular heart. Immediately after the sitting I felt her pulse, and found it sixty-eight to the minute, missing every third or fourth beat. It is not often that one hears two voices more unlike than that of Red Jacket and Mrs. French.

Second Sitting, Tuesday, May 30, 1905:

Immediately upon the arrival of Mrs. French and Mrs. Blank, we entered the séance-room, and were seated as on the first evening. It will be remembered that neither of these two women was permitted to visit the home of Mrs. Z. except at the time of the sittings.

Before the lights were turned out, we all carefully marked the exact location of Mrs. French, and also trained ourselves to locate by the sound the distance and direction of a voice, observing how, when the head is turned in any one direction, the voice seems to proceed from a point toward the side of the room to which the head is turned. In that way a voice can be made to appear as proceeding from a point

near the ceiling or a point near the floor, or to the right hand or left hand, or back of the one speaking.

When Red Jacket's voice came, he directed, upon my suggestion, that the left hand of Mrs. French and the right hand of Mrs. Z. be joined. This made it more possible for Mrs. Z. to detect any movement of Mrs. French. It should be remembered that Mrs. Z. is not a novice in psychic investigation, and is keenly alert to the tricks of fake mediums. She made investigations with me some twenty-five years ago at séances with the famous medium, Dr. Slade, detecting some of his tricks, and also at my house with one of the Fox sisters and with others, down to the present time, and as previously remarked, both Mrs. Z. and her daughter are very skeptical as to the spirit hypothesis, and hence are keen to suspect and detect fraud.

The voice of Red Jacket appeared to be of the same *timbre* as the night before, and it seemed equally high above the medium's head, about eight feet from the floor, and toward the sliding door between the two parlors. Our various tests again confirmed our partial conviction of the night before—that Mrs. Blank had nothing whatever to do with these voices. This we proved by talking to her and having her talk to us while the voices were speaking. Our tests also eliminated the theory that Mrs. F. left

her seat or stood up. All of these possibilities had been thoroughly canvassed by us prior to the coming of Mrs. B. and Mrs. F. this evening.

The theory of a megaphone manipulated by one hand of the medium, and the theory of the medium being an accomplished ventriloquist remained. To test these theories, I requested the medium to talk at the same time Red Jacket talked. If this could be done, it would help us also to locate the whereabouts of the medium when her hand was not being held by Mrs. Z. We were told by one of the voices that we must recognize the possibility of failures in this simultaneous talking because of the complexity and difficulty of the phenomena: "You do not fully realize," said Dr. Hossack, "how exceedingly delicate is the organ [medium] we have to work with. She is very frail. Many times we have kept her in her body when even her physicians were sure that she would pass out. She is of very great importance to us as an instrument, and you must not ask us to take undue risks; and yet, on the other hand, we understand perfectly the value of the experiments that you are making, and will do everything in our power to help you make these experiments satisfactory. It is far better for her that she keep quiet while the other voices are talking and are thus drawing upon her strength. We have here a band of

medical experts who are watching closely the heart and mind of the medium, and we have also with us a chemical expert and a band of what you would probably call electricians, who are adepts in the manufacture and control of the vital currents. It may seem to you an easy matter that the medium should talk simultaneously with us; but I assure you it is an extraordinarily difficult and dangerous thing; and I again assure you that we have come here to do all that it is possible to do to satisfy you of the genuineness and the significance of these phenomena."

"Yes, yes," said the medium. Her "Yes, yes" seemed to be simultaneous with the voice, yet we were not all absolutely certain of this. During the remainder of the evening, a score of times the medium *seemed* to talk at the same time that did the other voices. Some of us thought Yes, others of us were slightly in doubt, believing that there was a fraction of a second between the voices. Mrs. Z., who had Mrs. F.'s hand, was fairly sure that the voices were simultaneous. To us all it seemed very hard to believe that any human being could have spoken in two different voices so nearly simultaneously and so often, without sometimes using the wrong voice; and also the conviction was constantly growing upon us, that the feeble, quiet, delicately refined voice of Mrs. F. could not have been produced by

the same vocal organs that produced the strong masculine voice of Red Jacket even tho assisted by some mechanism. Another point to be tested was whether the defective hearing of Mrs. F. could catch our questions asked of Red Jacket when uttered in low conversational tones. We found that Red Jacket responded to our questions and remarks, no matter how low our tones were. This is a very important factor in the problem of determining the origin of these voices.

As to Dr. Hossack's suggestion that the phenomenon is difficult to produce, when we come to think of it, what reason have we to conclude that the spirit world is a simple and easy state of existence? Analogy tells us the contrary. As we progress, the problems of life, of thinking, and of acting grow more and more marvelous and difficult. Water seems to us an easy substance to handle, but as we go upward to hydrogen and oxygen, and then back to atoms and electrons, and the combining of these in many ways—well, who cares for all this? We cut the Gordian knot and say "God directs." Why may it not be that there, as here, God works through others these countless marvels, and that among these others are the spirits of the generations that have gone before, and that there as here the doing of things must all be learned in natural ways, and

the human faculties developed gradually by exercise, so that there as here are all degrees of perfection and imperfection. This, of course, is only a guess, and yet our unbelief in the immensities of the universe leads us into countless absurdities. Only a few centuries ago, the sun, moon, stars, were believed to be only so many lamps that rose in the east and crossed the sky of the stationary earth to the west, and thus in childlike simplicity we settled it. Now we see immensities upon immensities, and complications untold. Suppose a hermetically sealed vial of radium is buried in the culture mixture of gelatin and beef tea, and life is evolved. Then what? Why, we have then only discovered a way in which life, that always existed, makes itself manifest. When we reach the end of the discoveries through our telescopes and microscopes and solar spectrums and chemical analyses, we have only scratched the borderland of the infinite immensities of the universe—the ocean of realities.

The séance lasted this evening two hours, about one hour and a half being taken in talks by some half a dozen different voices. About fifty minutes of this time was taken in a talk of a most serious sort, by Red Jacket, urging the human race to brotherhood and to labor for others, insisting that each one make his life harmonize with truth, and saying

that if we did this, we would be well advanced when we entered the other world, "for," he declared, "all real growth springs out of a desire for the welfare of our fellows."

Ventriloquism or a megaphone still seemed a possible explanation. Mrs. Z., who kept her hand during much of the evening on top of the hand of Mrs. F., declared that she could not detect the slightest tremor of her hand when the loud, vibrant voice of Red Jacket was most earnest. Nor could she detect the slightest movement that it would have seemed necessary for her body to have made in manipulating a megaphone. Of course, either of these hypotheses meant conscious fraud of a very depraved sort on the part of the medium whose personality and truthfulness imprest us more and more every time we spoke to her. She seemed an ideally refined, well-born, well-bred, and an ingenuous big-hearted woman.

I urged Mrs. Z. and Miss Z. to study both women very carefully, during the day, by calling upon them, giving full play to the intuitive knowledge which women are said to have of womankind. Red Jacket talked very much about himself during the evening. He seemed to understand himself quite well, and it may be, after all, the Irishman wasn't far wrong when he said, "We get the best view of our lives after we

are dead." This seemed to be true of Red Jacket's post-mortem estimate of himself.

Third Sitting, Wednesday, May 31, 1905:

We added to our circle this evening Miss H., a celebrated author. She sat between Miss Z. and myself. The position of each sitter in the circle was otherwise the same as on the two previous evenings.

When Red Jacket's voice came I told him that the theory of the megaphone or speaking-trumpet would be used by the critical public as a possible explanation, also that ventriloquism would be urged in explanation, and asked him, if he could, to give us some experiments that would exclude both of these hypotheses. His answer was, "We will do whatever the strength of the medium will permit." In reply to a question whether he would not tell us his experiences upon his entrance into the other world at death, and also let us know what his present work was in the spirit-world, Red Jacket for fifty-five minutes, as nearly as I could judge by noting the striking of the clock in a near-by room, spoke in his usual loud masculine voice.

My purpose in putting these questions to Red Jacket was to have him make a long speech, believing that such an effort would test greatly the physical endurance of Mrs. French, provided she produced

the voice. I have had much experience in judging of the carrying capacity of voices, and I have no doubt that the voice of Red Jacket as we listened to it this evening would easily have filled a hall with a seating capacity of two thousand people, while Mrs. F.'s voice, at its loudest, so far as I have heard it, would not fill a parlor twenty feet square. An address in a loud voice, lasting fifty-five minutes, is an exhausting strain upon the average strong man. Immediately after this speaking I felt Mrs. F.'s pulse, and found that it was as usual, weak and irregular; but not noticeably so beyond what I had found it when she first came into the room.

At the beginning of the séance Mrs. Z. was requested by Red Jacket to put her hands upon *both* of the hands of Mrs. F. This she did throughout the speaking. Under these conditions the megaphone theory became wholly an impossible one. Mrs. Z. knows well the trick of a medium covering both hands with one, so as to make believe that both hands are being accounted for. She assured us that she covered fully each hand of the medium with her hands. Frequently at this sitting Mrs. F. replied in a natural voice, that certainly *seemed* at times simultaneous with Red Jacket's speaking. During the whole of the talking one of Mrs. Blank's hands was in Mr. Z.'s hand, and the other was held by me.

The sitting lasted one hour and forty minutes.

Fourth Sitting, Thursday, June 1, 1905:

Red Jacket invited me to sit immediately in front of the little table at which Mrs. French is accustomed to sit, and to place my hands on her two hands. I separated her two hands about twelve inches, so that the one hand of the medium could not possibly be mistaken for two hands, a trick that I have known to have been played again and again; a trick I myself have played successfully in a dark circle. I put my hands straight out from my body, so as to have the width of my body between the two hands. I again requested Mrs. F. to talk much. Her face could not have been more than twenty-four inches from mine. I could hear her breathe as well as talk. Red Jacket and the other voices talked freely, and Mrs. F. frequently spoke, seemingly at the same time. This test lasted probably ten minutes. It made it impossible for me to hold longer the megaphone theory, and it is difficult to see how it was possible to explain the phenomena by ventriloquism.

As nearly as it is possible for the ear to detect, Mrs. F. breathed naturally and talked in her usual low tones, at the same instant that the explosive voice of Red Jacket spoke. I noted particularly the breathing of Mrs. French. Her breath came

regular during the sentences of Red Jacket, whether they were long or short.

"Sit back!" Red Jacket suddenly thundered in an explosive voice that seemed to shake the room. I sat back. He afterward explained that the heart of the medium had begun "to thump," and that there was danger to her if the test continued longer. Just before the command, I was told I would feel the passing of a spirit over my face. I felt a cool breath of air. But this could have been produced by the medium, if she had so desired, for if you blow in the face of another at the distance of fifteen or twenty inches, the air will feel cold.

After I had resumed my seat in the circle there came a strange, laughing voice, very loud, which seemed to come from the neighborhood of the door that led into the hall, or from out in the hall, some six or eight feet distant from the medium. This loud laughing voice was a curious phenomenon, and seemed to startle greatly the medium.

The voice came at our request repeatedly, some ten times in all, each laugh averaging possibly a dozen ha-ha's, and varying from a deep basso to almost a treble. We were told by Red Jacket that this phenomenon was permitted to show the impossibility "of the medium producing these voices through ventriloquism, as it must be manifest to all

here that it is wholly beyond any conceivable compass of a female voice, and especially of so weak a voice as that of Mrs. French." The location of the voice seemed to change from place to place at our request, sometimes it sounded as if near the floor and then up high near the ceiling, and then about six feet to the left of the medium and then to her right, and then back of her, and then again immediately in front of her. This suggested the art of ventriloquism together with the turning of the head from side to side; but the utter physical weakness of the medium, and her exceptionally feeble voice added to the other tests that we had previously made, seemed almost conclusive—if not altogether so—against this theory.

At times when the laughing took place, Mrs. Z., at our request, took hold of both hands of the medium, and Mr. Z. and I held both hands of Mrs. Blank, so that the use of a megaphone was again wholly impossible. It is well again to remember that for Mrs. F. to have produced the laugh that we heard, requires us to believe that she possesses extraordinarily well-developed lungs and vocal powers, while the truth is, her whole physical build is after a most delicate, feeble feminine model. It is as easy to think of a rabbit barking like a bulldog or bellowing like a bull, as to think of one physically made up as is Mrs. F. producing such a laugh.

It should also be remembered that Mrs. Z. and Miss Z. and Mr. Z. and I are all seasoned investigators. I myself have been at hundreds of séances of all kinds. The reader can take it for granted that not one of our company could be stampeded or excited by the novelty or weirdness of this sort of experiences.

During the evening there were female voices as well as male voices other than that of Red Jacket's. The phenomena continued until 9:30. The theory of collective hallucination it would be very difficult to apply to this series of phenomena. We did not expect the laughing voice; we had not heard that anything of the kind ever occurred at Mrs. French's sittings. On inquiry I found it had not been heard at the sittings in Buffalo or Rochester. We criticized it one to the other, talked about it, and talked to the spirit's personality, and he responded. We talked in a low voice also to the personality and were correctly answered. Mrs. French seemed very much amused at the voice, and often laughed in her quiet way, but so loud that we could all hear her laugh, seemingly at the same time that this loud laughter occurred. A transmitted subjective impression is likely to have marks of subjectivity, while this voice had all the marks of objectivity. After listening to it on other evenings, I have no doubt whatever

as to the inapplicability of the collective hallucination theory.

The following question was asked of Dr. Hossack during the evening: Why can not every one be a medium? Why does the spirit-world pass by some of our most excellent people, and choose sometimes unworthy ones for mediums? This was asked also to test the mental caliber of the personality who talked. The answer was: "Can you tell me why it is that copper is better than gold to carry the telegraphic message, or why is it that one material is better than another to hold the picture on the photographic plate, or why is it that radium is to be found in pitchblende and not in silver or gold? It is, my friend, a natural law, and it is not for us to quarrel with natural laws, but to conform to them. It is only by conforming to them that we can get anything from nature." This talk was written down from memory several days afterward and may not be verbally correct, but the thought is. In nearly all other incidents in this series I wrote out the talks the same evening.

Fifth Sitting, Friday, June 2, 1905.

For about forty minutes no voices came. At all of these meetings Mrs. F. claims she sees, somewhat over our heads, a string of lights which at first are

disconnected, and, when conditions are perfected for the voices to come, the lights join. To-night she reported the lights as coming very slowly and as being very loth to connect. The weather conditions were reported unfavorable, as it was stormy, and the atmospheric pressure heavy. The voices, however, finally came. Red Jacket delivered a talk of about half an hour in length, a well-sustained and connected talk. His addresses on these occasions are all markedly serious, no jesting or light talking, and they are remarkably free from errors in grammar. Sometimes he will ask for the proper technical word. The following is an outline of his talk as written down the day following by Mr. Z. at my request—it is as unlike as can be to conversations I have had with Mrs. French out of the séance-room:

"Friends, I greet you! I wish to call your attention to some of the conditions used by this medium in making communications possible.

"Referring back to many moons ago, or as the Pale Face says, years ago, after my entrance into spirit-life, a number of earnest spirits anxious to help mortals by imparting more accurate information about the conditions of life here and how life on your side affected life here, held meetings in an assembly-hall here called 'The Hall of Truth.' We decided to search among mortals if we could find

any sensitives suitable for the special purposes that we had in view. We found but three, and one of these soon passed over to this side. Later we found that the kind of sensitives we had selected would not answer. We needed a different and higher grade. We made other explorations, testing other mediums. Finally we found the medium we have been using now for so many years.

"You understand the mind works through the brain. But to the mental force is added what may be called the vital force which is more closely connected with the entire nervous system. These forces produce what may be called electro-magnetism. Follow me closely. Now, we have found that there are some mortals born with a double spinal cord. This is very rarely a fact. This second spinal cord generates the force we need for our particular purpose, that is, to produce the vibrations which you call 'voices.' So delicate and important is the force produced by this second spinal cord, that a medicine man stands behind this medium all the time we use this force, and brings a pressure to bear at the end of the cord, near the base of the brain. This explains why this medium says she feels a tapping going on at the base of her brain while we are talking."

This curious explanation of the phenomena by

Red Jacket was drawn out to a considerable length, and became very technical.

In answer to a question, Dr. Hossack replied that when he was practising medicine on earth, he read the report of a case of the finding of a double spinal cord. This was found in dissecting the body of a Scotchman in Berlin, Germany. It was then regarded by the medical authorities as a mere freak, and little attention at that time was paid to it.

Suddenly in the midst of our talk there broke in a voice with a very pronounced Irish brogue. He seemed to pass to the right and then to the left of the medium again and again, and kept up a rattle of quaint remarks for about five minutes. We were afterward told by Dr. Hossack that the object of this interruption was to get us less intense, so as to make it easier for the spirits to use the vital forces of the medium and of the members of the circle. This voice had all the quaint humor with which we associate the typical Irishman. It is quite evident, if these phenomena are what they claim to be, that national and individual characteristics perdure beyond the Great Divide.

Of course, the apparent change of location of the voice could be produced by a medium, if tricky, by turning her head as already indicated. The left hand of the medium was held most of the time by

the right hand of Mrs. Z. Mrs. Z. reported that the medium seemed to be wholly passive, and more than usually weak—"as weak as a child." I felt the medium's pulse, and it was very weak and very irregular.

Red Jacket's speech is often very picturesque. For example, this evening he was speaking to one in the circle who had just passed through much trouble and was discouraged. He said, "Your boat has rocked and your oars fallen out." Of a public character who was known somewhat for his bitterness of speech, he said, "He shot his words like arrows, and they wounded people. We should give health, not hurt. This is right. Say, friends, it is right."

During the last sitting or two we have directed our attention more to the thoughts uttered by the voices, and have sought to compare them with the thoughts exprest by Mrs. French when not in the circle, striving to judge of the mental caliber of the medium and the mental caliber of the individualities as revealed through these voices. There seems to be as great a difference between the mentality of the medium and the mentality of Red Jacket, Dr. Hossack, and two or three others of the individualities revealed through these strange phenomena as there is in the voices.

It is well constantly to bear in mind that a quick

accurate ear is rare. A close observer is not a personage we meet every day. An investigator of phenomena of this kind should studiously avoid coming to any conclusions during his series of sittings, for an opinion is sure to bias his physical senses.

And let me just here whisper to the critic: We should all learn to judge leniently the opinions of others, knowing that our own are sometimes in error.

The moral quality of the talks at these séances is an element that is to be considered. Not once at the sittings this week has there been uttered a word of hate, an unclean word, or even a silly word. In fact experiences at a great majority of the séances I have attended with different mediums justify the testimony of Frederick Myers that the "spirit talks" are as a whole of an exceptionally exalted character. I find in my note-book this sentence which I jotted down from a prayer of Mrs. Pepper given at one of her meetings in Brooklyn, she supposed to be at the time in a trance: "We thank Thee for that divine and wonderful blessing men call birth, and we thank Thee for that equally divine and still more wonderful blessing which men have misnamed death."

When dozens of sentences of this kind come from the same individual under various circumstances

it becomes increasingly difficult to believe that the soul that utters them is unclean or unspiritual.

Sixth Sitting, Saturday, June 3, 1905:

We made many efforts at the meeting to-night to have talking by the medium at the same time the "voices" spoke. The medium seemed very weak, having had, Mrs. Blank reported, a severe attack of heart trouble during the day, which was treated, she declared, by Dr. Hossack, the spirit doctor, they having "a séance in a dark closet in the boarding-house." Mrs. Blank assured us that it is usual in these attacks of faintness and paroxysms of pain "to consult the spirit, Dr. Hossack," and his prescriptions are followed.

The sincerity of both these women, and their innate refinement and nobility of character have steadily become more and more factors in the problem that we have in hand. There has never been the slightest evidence of evasion or deceit. Whatever doubts we have of these ladies in their absence is wholly occasioned by the strangeness of the phenomena, and is dissipated in their presence, so straightforward are they, and simple, and perfectly ladylike in all their manners and talks.

Red Jacket to-night gave us a talk on mediumship. Among other things, he said: "Most mediums

are mere playthings of their imagination; others, a smaller number, are the dupes of the intelligences, tricky, sometimes sportive, at other times malignant. It is a terribly dangerous mistake to think that there are no evil spirits. There are great hosts of them. They come at times without formal invitation of the medium or of the circle, and control to the hurt of the members of the circle and to the hurt of the medium."

To revert again to Sir William Crookes's vibration theory of the universe: If it be true that we are living in the midst of vibrations from both sides of the grave, then it is not hard to believe that those spirits on the other side who are nearest the earth, that is those who are most earthly, would find it easier to return, and may give us false communications altho the medium be altogether honest. Who then is safe? It is well to remember the words of the prophet: "The angel of the Lord encompasseth round about them that revere him, to deliver them." God Almighty is not dead, nor does He sleep. It is quite easy to believe that no mother ever so tenderly cared for her child as He for His children. But remember those words "that revere him"—this attitude of soul may make us recipients of help which otherwise could not possibly reach us.

At our request the laughing voice came again.

He spoke for the first time. He said that when he died he was certain his family was glad, for they thought they could get the insurance money that was on his life, and that their grief was hypocritical. He laughed bitterly at their deceit. When he looked at himself in the coffin and saw that he looked so natural he could not believe that he was dead. He felt so deeply the wrong done him by his wife and family that he did not speak, and if any spirit talked to him he just laughed. But he said that he now begins to feel that he was wrong in this, and that we must forgive, and "now I feel that my heart grows warm again and I now talk." Then he broke out again into a good-natured laugh, very loud, but free from the bitterness that marked it heretofore. At our request, which we made for test purposes, he laughed again and again, and the medium laughed in a natural, low voice. Mrs. Z. had both hands of the medium in hers on the table, and reported that she could recognize distinctly that the medium was laughing at the same time that the voice laughed. At times her laughing was so loud we could all hear it. The contrast between the two voices was very great—the one loud, vibrant, and even coarsely masculine, so loud that it could have been heard a hundred feet distant; the other feeble, ladylike, that could be heard by us only by close attention, and

then not at a distance of more than a few feet. Suddenly an explosive laugh, unusually loud, came seemingly immediately from behind the medium. She jumped and cried aloud—we were all startled. The medium faintly called for water. I found that her pulse was beating very feebly, and exceedingly irregular. It seemed for a while that we might have a corpse on our hands and our medium go to the beyond. If this was all acted, it was supreme acting and wholly inconsistent with the reputation of Mrs. F. and seemed vastly beyond her physical strength.

After a while the séance continued. Dr. Hossack's voice assured us that the test was given to show how impossible was the assumption that the medium could produce the voice. And again he assured us that the experiment was extremely dangerous to the medium, and asked that this suffice, because of the medium's condition of extreme weakness, telling us that anxious as they are to satisfy us and satisfy the scientists, they must not risk further injury to the medium, and that as to this danger we must trust their superior experience and judgment.

Mrs. Z. again assured us that in all these laughter scenes, when she held the medium's two hands, she did not feel the slightest vibration from the great lung effort required to produce these vocal explosive noises, but that she could feel the vibrations when

Mrs. F. either spoke or laughed naturally as she frequently did.

It was decided to give the medium perfect rest on Sunday, and hence no sittings were held until the following Monday.

Seventh Sitting, Monday, June 5, 1905:

Before the arrival of the medium and her escort we reviewed our past week's work.

All possible explanations of independent voices seemed to us to be included in the following:

1. Confederates from outside the circle.
2. Confederates from inside the circle.
3. Collective hallucination without hypnotism.
4. General hallucination through hypnotic suggestion.
5. Intentional fraud on part of medium through use of megaphone.
6. False voices through use of various mouth devices.
7. Ventriloquism.
8. Unintentional fraud by the medium through trance as by alternating personalities.
9. Outside intelligences making use of the vocal organs of the medium without the medium being conscious of the fact, or through vocal organs extemporized by the spirits.

The following seems to be a reasonable summing up:

1. Confederates from the outside during this entire series of sittings are absolutely excluded by the conditions.

2. The only possible confederate from the *inside* is Mrs. Blank. Against this theory are:

(1) Mrs. Blank's well-known character.

(2) The fact that she always sits wedged in between Mr. Z. and myself, our hands being joined.

(3) Conversation is carried on with her frequently while the voices are speaking.

3 and 4. Any one after reading the descriptions given of conditions, and of what has taken place during the past week and who yet can believe the theory of collective hallucination or hypnotism of the entire circle, I am quite sure would be capable of believing anything, and given the proper mental twist toward Spiritualism he would, quite likely, become the most credulous of Spiritualists. The belief or disbelief of persons of this class does not rest on reason or fact, but on preconceived ideas.

5. All in the circle are sure that the megaphone theory has been absolutely excluded by the tests already made.

6 and 7. The possibility of the medium either through the trick of ventriloquism or by the use of

mouth devices producing the various voices we determined further to test.

8. The possibility of the medium, in trance, speaking in these different voices, and this without intentional fraud, we thought also needed further testing.

As to this last theory including that of the secondary personalities, the rapidity with which these changes take place and the naturalness of the medium at all times seem to exclude this hypothesis, and yet it deserves further investigation. After many of the sittings I talk with the medium about what has taken place, and she remembers all perfectly, commenting intelligently upon the incidents. Also during the sittings Mrs. French often comments on what has been said and done, in a perfectly natural way, the same as the rest of us. Frequently I and other members of the circle ask her questions, and her answers are wholly natural. The reader must bear in mind that she is hard of hearing and each evening, frequently, we have occasion to talk to the outside intelligences, and often we do not raise our voices for them to hear us, but talk in our natural tones of voice, and sometimes purposely in lower tones, and are always understood by the intelligences. If we desire Mrs. French to know what we have asked, we are compelled to repeat in much louder tones of voice.

As to intentional fraud of any kind we must bear in mind that there is no money motive for fraud. The medium was paid nothing for her trip to New York on this occasion. If there is deception on her part, there can be no motive for it except that of the gratification of vanity or a sense of power which is effective in many people. Otherwise the motive must be pure cussedness. But a morbid vanity is often a very strong motive in leading people to commit fraud along the mediumistic line, and should not be ignored. All of the appearances are against this theory, but still it should be borne in mind, for human nature is at times exceedingly untrustworthy, hence tests for supernormal powers should be insisted upon along the lines that involve something more than the good faith of the medium.

I asked Red Jacket this evening how he could account for the unfavorable opinion of the friend I sent to Buffalo to investigate this medium, he believing fraud a likely explanation.

"What is it," said Red Jacket, "that your friend says took place?"

"He says at one of these sittings he had with Mrs. French no voices came for a long time, and that when finally a voice did come it explained the delay by saying that the band were helping a doctor at a certain distant prison who was 'passing out' [dying].

The next day this friend in talking with a gentleman in Buffalo told him what the voice said. This gentleman remarked that Mrs. French knew all about that case, for she had told him about it prior to that meeting. Now this friend says that this was proof of deception on the part of Mrs. French."

Red Jacket replied, "In what way? Is this fair? Mrs. French did not say one word at that time. We spirits did not get our knowledge from her of the sickness of the doctor. We told at that séance simply a fact. We did not give the name of the doctor because some doctors do not like to have it known that they are sick. Is this the reasoning of science: because Mrs. French knew of this case—saying nothing about it—that therefore she is a cheat? I told you we did not get our information from her, and if we had got it from her mind, how would that have affected her honesty? What we said was true. We do not lie. But your friend is not fair, and does a great wrong by these guesses, and guesses are surely not science.

"You say the woman, Miss H., is sick. We did not know until you told us. Sometimes we get this knowledge from the minds of those who are in the circle and sometimes from their words, sometimes from the mind of the medium, and sometimes from the spirit friends of the person who is sick. How is

it right to say because we tell something the medium already knows that the medium is not honest? This kind of treatment grieves us when we are trying to do good."

"Now, Red Jacket," I said, "we do not mean to wrong you, nor the medium, but are trying to get the exact facts. My friend does not mean to wrong the medium, but there are a great many cheats in the so-called medium business, and he was trying to get evidence that would shut out all possibility of fraud, even if the medium should desire to commit fraud. The evidence that is to convince the world must be of a nature that will not depend upon the honesty of the medium. You know what I mean."

"Yes, I think I do, and we are trying to give you such evidence, and we tried to give such evidence to your friend, but he did not help us. He was hard to us and to the medium in his thought. The influences that came from him were not helpful. He had no intention to hinder, but he did. Some people give out help, but your friend did not. We will see what we can do for you. The influences that come from this circle are helpful."

"Would you tell us whether, in speaking, you make any use of the organs of the medium, or whether you organize your own vocal organs?"

Red Jacket: "We make our own vocal organs. How is it possible for her organs to speak as I speak? Science and common sense should make that clear. How is it possible for her organs to laugh as that laughing voice laughs? You must use your reason as you do in other matters. The medium has come a great distance and she gets nothing for it; but she comes to help you and we come to help you. Now, you must be fair. You have had hold of the medium's hands and the squaw [Mrs. Z.] is now holding the medium's hands while I talk, and we talk often at the same time she talks, altho this is dangerous to her. This we do to give you proof that it is not she who talks, and yet will you say the medium does it?"

"No, Red Jacket, we do not say the medium does it. What we wish is to get proof, not to convince ourselves, who now have met the medium, that she is honest, but proof that will convince those who have never met the medium."

"What do you ask us to do?"

"Would it be possible for the medium to talk if she put both of her hands in one of Mrs. Z.'s hands, and then permit Mrs. Z. to put her other hand over the medium's mouth?"

"Now, this may seem easy to you, and I do not know how to make you understand that any act of suspicion like that increases manifold the difficulty

that we have of holding the medium's strength. We can not try this test to-night. It would not be safe. We will see whether we can do it to-morrow night. You don't seem to understand that the medium is exceedingly sensitive, and putting her under that kind of a test implies that she is a cheat, and this necessarily excites her nerves and affects her heart; but we will do what we can."

Curious that unbelief should hinder the manifestation of psychic powers, but can we be sure it does not? Even the great Master, Christ, insisted upon this condition, *believe*. He could not do any mighty works in Galilee, why? *Because* of the unbelief of the people. Note the words *could not*.

During this evening we had a singing voice which sang very pleasingly, and other new voices spoke.

One voice reproved the thought that the spirits are to blame if in a circle errors are made or communications do not come readily.

This seemed just. I do not find it well in a circle to dispute with the intelligences as it is apt to interfere with the results, just for what reason I am not altogether sure. Quite likely it affects the passivity of the medium. A spirit in another circle explained the imperfection in communication after this manner—

Mediumship is not like a phonograph that Edison

has so wonderfully invented, and that carries a message on it that is indelibly there, and repeats itself to you again and again. This is not so with the medium. You call up a friend on the telephone, and you ask him a question, and he speaks to you, and you say, "I can not understand a word you are saying." You finally call up "central," and then you may not be able to hear any better. You do not think of blaming your friend, but you blame the medium, that is, the telephonic machine and wire. Your friend is all right, but the medium imperfect.

Eighth Sitting, Tuesday, June 6, 1905:

The voices were numerous to-night. The laughing voice again came at our request, and gave us much evidence to prove that it was independent of the medium. This lasted perhaps fifteen minutes. It was a natural human laugh, but the laugh of a physically powerful man. This laughing voice always arouses the risibilities of the medium, and she laughed at it heartily, so that it afforded us a constant opportunity of contrasting the *timbre* of the two voices. It is as hard to think that the weak delicate voice organs of the medium could produce that laugh as—to change a little the comparison I previously mentioned—to believe that a lark could imitate the bellowing of a bull. If we heard the

barking of a dog in a room in which we were convinced that there was no other living thing than a canary bird, it might puzzle us to account for the phenomenon; but we would not hesitate to say that the canary's vocal organs did not produce that sound.

There was evidently a supreme effort of the intelligences in control to convince us that the medium's vocal organs did not produce these independent voices. But if not the medium's, whose vocal organs did produce these sounds loud enough to fill a large hall? I thought of every possible explanation. The only other persons present were Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Z. and Mrs. Blank, myself, and the medium. As I have already repeated several times, Mrs. Blank was always wedged in between Mr. Z. and myself, and all in the circle had hands joined, and Mrs. Blank was laughing and talking with the rest of us. Then, she is a woman whose history is well known, and she is deeply interested in investigating these phenomena, as deeply interested as are the rest of us. Had the phenomena taken place in the medium's home or in the house of any friend of hers, or of a profest and easily fooled Spiritualist, we might conclude that in some manner a confederate had slipt in, but here a confederate was simply impossible—utterly, absolutely impossible. The performance under the circumstances was a very puzzling demonstration.

Against accepting the spirit hypothesis spring up to the mind a score of difficulties. Of course, that threadbare one, why should spirits be engaged in a work of this kind? Why not help us to solve some great practical social problem, as a government problem, a great invention? The same old stone wall against which many of us have often before butted our heads. It is evident, if these are spirits, their ways are not our ways. Possibly it is true, as Professor James of Harvard says, they may be under some tremendous inhibitions. At any rate, we do not know enough to dogmatize for or against the spirit hypothesis. Let us keep gathering facts and keep our heads level and our feet within a reasonable distance of the earth, and largely let the research be carried on by experienced investigators.

In answer to questions, the voices talked much about the dwellings, occupations, etc., in the spirit-world, and then told how to live "in the life that now is" in order that our progress in the beyond may be rapid. The burden of the talk was that we should avoid selfishness in its many forms on earth, that we should live lives of self-denial and of service. These talks were of an ennobling character and the philosophy behind them all indicated clear logical thinking of no mean order.

Ninth Sitting, Wednesday, June 7, 1905:

This evening Mrs. Z. asked the control whether her father was present. "No," was the reply, "we will send a message for him if you so desire."

"Yes, do."

"How can you send a message to a distant spirit?"

"Do you think that you in your world can send messages to a distant one and we can not? Believe me, the spirit-world is far ahead of your world in the arts and sciences and in all manner of conveniences. Why, my friends, yours is the shadow, and this is the real world."

Mrs. Z. said she felt a hand on her head. She asked if any one in the circle had touched her. The medium put both of her hands on Mrs. Z.'s hands. Red Jacket said, "That was your father who touched you." Mrs. Z. said, "Father, are you here?" A voice different from any we had yet heard replied, "Yes, my child, I am so glad to have you hear me talk to you and know that I talk to you once more. We know all you think and feel and do, and are helping you every way we can."

Then the voice indicated certain help to be given to a sick relative at a distance. There are many curious elements in this psychic problem, and that of receiving help from the dead is not the least curious.

Paul Carus says, "To call upon the forces of the dead to help us is to become beggars, mendicants." Does not that depend upon how we receive the aid? I may expect men on earth to do all my work for me, and by thus depending upon them become a parasite and helpless. But there are ways of getting help from our fellow men that are not demeaning to us. We are to help others. No man is to live for himself. Now, may we not apply this also to help extended from the other world? Why should I be any more demoralized or demeaned by getting assistance from a doctor who is out of the flesh than by getting assistance from a doctor who is in the flesh? There is nothing in the clothing of flesh and bones that will alter the essentials of this dependence.

Skepticism at the present stage of psychic investigation is reasonable, but we must see straight and argue straight and fair. Am I a beggar or mendicant if I call upon God for help, any more than is a drowning child when he calls upon his father or mother for help? God is to me Infinite Truth, Infinite Holiness, Infinite Love. He is the embodiment of my highest ideals. When I seek God and submit to Him, I submit to Infinite Reason, and there is nothing demeaning to ourselves in such submission.

It may be thought by some to be religious cant,

but it seems to me these two things are the most important to be learned of all things in the universe: (1) How to cast all care literally and absolutely upon Infinite Reason and Infinite Goodness, that is, upon God; (2) To give all our ability to the helping of others. It is a hard thing to learn, but well worth the learning, that His care extends to the minutest ephemera, as well as to the biggest planet in the universe; surely nothing can be demeaned by this care.

I listened attentively to the voice, that claimed to be Mrs. Z.'s father, to see if I could detect any resemblance to the medium's voice, especially as this voice was mild and was within the capacity of her vocal organs and her physical strength. If the medium had so desired she, it is reasonable to believe, under the circumstances, could have produced this voice had she sufficient cunning and deceit, and the much practise necessary.

I this evening urged upon the control what I call the water-test, that is, that the medium should hold a measured quantity of liquid in her mouth, and then have the spirit talking to continue. The medium was to take from a measuring-glass which I brought with me two tablespoonfuls of water, colored by a coloring-matter known only to myself, and her hands were to be held and we were to note whether any independent talking took place. If such talking

would take place, then a light was to be struck and the water emptied from the medium's mouth into the measuring-glass. This of course, if carefully done, would be strong proof of the presence of outside intelligences.

We were told that, unfortunately, the medium during the day had had a bad turn with her heart, suffering very much, so that the controls reported to us that it would not be safe to make the test, but that they would be glad to do it at some time later if the medium would rally sufficiently to make it wise to take the risk.

I assured Red Jacket that I was very anxious to make the test. To help allay any fear that might be in the mind of the medium I said: "As to the coloring-matter which I have here, I will drink some water thus colored before the medium takes it, so that she may know that it is safe. I will tell her immediately before the test what is in the water, and I will see that she takes only two tablespoonfuls. Now, if this can be done with both hands of the medium held, and it be made known to scientists, it can not but be regarded as a test having evidential value."

"We will do it if we can," replied Red Jacket, "but not to-night—we dare not try it on account of the medium's condition. Even this talk of a test

makes her heart beat irregularly. We must talk of something else." I was sorry we had not carried on the conversation in a low tone of voice—lower than the medium's ability to hear.

The after-talk was mainly on the mission-work of spirits in helping, as the control claimed, feebly developed souls that come over to the spirit side of life.

There was the usual variety of voices. The medium talked considerably in her natural voice—as before, seemingly at the same time the other voices were speaking.

Tenth Sitting, Thursday, June 8, 1905:

The medium was said to be sick and conditions unfavorable.

We sat for an hour but no voices came.

Eleventh Sitting, Friday, June 9, 1905:

Red Jacket spoke eloquently of the wrongs of the Redman, but claiming that notwithstanding these wrongs, a powerful band of his people were seeking to do the Palefaces in this country only good. "We know," he said, "that no other work is worth while either in your world or in the spirit-world—nothing but good to others. This is the only way spirits can grow from one state to a higher." Red Jacket

greatly deplored the terrible war raging between Russia and Japan, as it sent over to the spirit-world so many who were violently forced out of life and hence immature as spirits. He was asked if he had ever seen Washington in spirit-life. "Oh, yes," he replied, "many times. I have often been in his home here. He has a beautiful dwelling, and he is a lofty spirit, doing a great work in teaching."

Red Jacket abruptly asked me, "What is imagnation?" After my answer, he continued, "Much of what you call imagination is the result of spirit influence, good or evil. A large proportion of your thoughts and impressions come from above." I urged again that we have tests of two voices speaking at the same time. This was done apparently in a number of cases; but only briefly and not absolutely satisfactorily. Again Red Jacket protested against these tests, insisting that such tests compelled "cross-currents" in the medium. He gave an exhibition of the power of his voice in contrast with that of the medium, by suddenly speaking unusually loud. I have seldom heard a more powerful male voice than this exhibition revealed. As quickly as the light was turned up I felt Mrs. French's pulse. It marked forty-eight and was extremely irregular.

Twelfth Sitting, Saturday, June 10, 1905:

The medium was weak, seemingly exhausted. Mr. M. and his wife were guests this evening—invited by myself. They sat between Miss Z. and Mrs. Z.; the rest of us sat as on previous evenings.

The voices were of a considerable variety.

This evening we gave the water-test, but the medium was in so feeble a condition that nothing satisfactory resulted. The controls suggested that when the medium grew stronger another effort be made. They assured us they fully understood the importance of the test for evidential purposes.

This concluded this remarkable series of sittings in New York.

A SUPPLEMENTAL SITTING AT ROCHESTER

Some weeks after Mrs. French and Mrs. Blank returned from New York to their home in Rochester I arranged for a séance in Rochester. My object was, if possible, to try again the water-test. This arrangement was made through a prominent lawyer in that city, a man well known, but not a Spiritualist. This friend is deeply interested in the investigation of these mysterious phenomena.

We met Mrs. French at a private house of my

friend's selecting. I requested Mrs. Blank, who was to be present, to coach Mrs. French in holding two tablespoonfuls of water in her mouth and breathing at the same time through her nostrils. We hoped in this way to allay her nervous excitement which in our previous tests in New York was said to have been largely the cause of the fluttering of her heart during the trial. The conditions were wholly under my control the same as they were in New York.

The room was on the second floor, and the keys, after locking the two doors, I placed in my pocket. I bought the matter for coloring the water on my way to the house, and brought with me my own measuring-glass. No one but myself knew the color of the liquid I would use. I took into the séance-room the glass tumbler containing the two tablespoonfuls of water, and then placed in this glass the coloring-matter and permitted the medium to taste it, so as to relieve her mind as to any thought or any fear of it being unpleasant.

The plan to be pursued by us I outlined as follows:

A candlestick with a candle in it was placed on a table at the side of one of the members of the circle, and when the control gave the word, that gentleman, who is a dentist in Rochester, was to light the candle; then I was to give to the medium the liquid in the presence of all the members of the circle, holding the

glass in my hands, the medium was to take all of the liquid in her mouth; I was to place the empty glass on the floor between my feet; the light was then to be extinguished, and immediately thereafter Red Jacket, if possible, was to speak in his natural voice, and then the candle was to be relit and the colored water was to be ejected from the mouth of the medium into the measuring glass which I was to hold, and we were all to see whether the same amount of liquid had been emptied from the medium's mouth into the glass as was in it at the beginning of the séance, and whether it was of the same color.

The four persons—besides my friend, Mrs. Blank, Mrs. French and myself—who made up the circle were all intimately known to my friend.

The plan of procedure as described above was carried out to the letter, and Red Jacket *spoke within a minute after the liquid had been taken into the medium's mouth and the light extinguished.* It should be remembered that I held the glass to her mouth before the light was extinguished, and after the voice came the candle was relit and the medium emptied the liquid from her mouth into the measuring-glass which I held in my hand. The liquid emptied into the glass I found to be of the exact amount that I gave her, and was in the judgment of us all of the same color.

This test was a perfect one with *only a single*

drawback which did not occur to me, I am sorry to say, until after I left the house. A very sly, tricky person might have had an empty bottle or glass concealed about her person and, as soon as the light was extinguished, emptied the liquid into this glass and then, after the speaking and before the light was relit, put the liquid back into her mouth. Had one of our number held both of the medium's hands while the room was in darkness, the test would have been complete in every part as far as I can see. This concealed-glass theory is an exceedingly unlikely one under all of the conditions. But it must be regarded as a *possible* one, and should be guarded against in any future tests. At some future sitting I will try to guard against this unlikely, but possible hypothesis.

AFFIDAVIT OF A. W. MOORE, SECRETARY OF THE ROCHESTER ART CLUB

"I have attended the sittings with Mrs. French of this city from time to time during the past twenty years. I am positively convinced of the genuineness of the manifestations of spirit voices which occur through her mediumship.

"I have, during years, tried by every device that human ingenuity could suggest to discover fraud on the part of Mrs. French but without avail.

"I have known Mrs. French, during some of her séances, when I happened to sit next to her, to place her mouth on the back of my hand and keep it there while 'Red Jacket,' her principal control, was speaking.

"And I have many times heard Mrs. French conversing while 'Red Jacket's,' or some other control's voices, have been addressing the circle."

"A. W. Moore."

Sworn to, before me, this 19th day of April, 1906.

Mary Jeanette Ballantyne,
Notary Public.

Rochester, N. Y.

2

OTHER "INDEPENDENT VOICE" PHENOMENA

The usual form of independent voices is what is called the "trumpet." This form lends itself readily to the trick of the ventriloquist as the vibrations made by some voices, especially when the trumpet is held in the hand or against the face of the medium, are imparted to it. If the other end of the trumpet is placed to the ear of the sitter the voice seems to come from the trumpet. It is a pretty trick played with a great many variations. Even when the lips are tightly closed, or the hand of the sitter placed over the mouth, or the mouth plastered shut, the sounds may still be heard. The muscles of the throat can be moved by some people in such a way that, altho not a sound passes the lips, a vibration will take place in the trumpet if the trumpet is placed against these muscles of the throat, or even against the bones of the face as when the trumpet is placed

against the ear. The voices when thus made are easily detected by an expert, for they are muffled and indistinct.

These explanations do not, however, prove that all trumpet-talking is fraudulent. If the spirit hypothesis is true, an outside intelligence may use the organs of speech of the medium either in whole or in part in conveying his message to the sitters.

The following three cases are worthy of note as typical of many others that have come under my observation. The third one was witnessed by Professor Hyslop and carries with it his testimony.

Case 1 is that of trumpet-talking through the medium in Brooklyn at whose circle the "Widow's Mite"[1] incident took place.

These sittings were always in the semi-dark. I attended several scores of these séances largely under such test conditions as I would suggest. Necessarily they could not, in the semi-dark, be wholly satisfactory. The evidence of genuineness rested on (1) the attested character of the medium, (2) the fact that she was not a professional medium, that is, one who received pay for her sittings, (3) the nature of the communications. My conclusion was that while there was reason to believe that some of the

[1] See "Widow's Mite and Other Psychic Phenomena."

information came to the medium through telepathy, and that sometimes the personality that used the trumpet was the secondary personality of the medium, yet there remained sufficient to justify the conclusion of Prof. William James, of Harvard, that the spirit hypothesis was the easiest explanation.

Case 2. An ex-Governor of one of the more prominent States of the Union whose name is well known throughout the land and with whom I have been acquainted for more than twenty years, wrote me several letters giving an account of a remarkable experience which he and his wife had recently.

He permits me to give the complete case, but requests withholding of his name as he does not want to stir to activity "the funny men of the press who know it all and who can solve the most complicated psychic phenomena with a wave of the hand."

The Governor says he is not a Spiritualist but he is greatly mystified by this experience. Six months before the experience, his daughter died, and his wife was profoundly grieved over the loss. This constant grief was wearing upon the mother.

When stopping at a hotel in a city distant from his home accompanied by his wife he happened to hear of a Spiritualist medium who was visiting in a town not far from where the Governor was staying.

He telegraphed for her to come at once to his hotel. Upon her reaching the hotel the Governor had her sent up immediately to his room. Now to quote from his letter:

"It was ten o'clock in the morning and the sun shone full into the room. I told the medium that we wished to see what she could give us in the way of spiritual communications. She had with her what she called a trumpet, and which was of considerable length when jointed together. This was laid on the table with the large end toward my wife who was told to put this end to her ear. The medium did not sit near the trumpet or table. In a few moments we heard a voice in the trumpet which sounded to our amazement like the voice of our dead daughter. It claimed to be our daughter. She told us the particulars of her death, including some incidents which we feel sure no mortal knew but ourselves. I was exceedingly puzzled and watched the medium's lips closely. They did not seem to move in the slightest. I requested her to hold her lips tightly together. She offered to fill her mouth with water. This seemed to me cruelly suspicious, and unnecessary, and I did not insist upon it. For a long time the conversation was kept up. It was upon the whole the most extraordinary event I ever experienced. Is there any explanation for this other than spirits? Ventriloquism does not seem to me to be a possible explanation unless one can talk with lips tightly closed."

I wrote the Governor many questions, cross-examining him closely, but have not been able to shake his statement of what took place. He is a man of serious thought, of thorough honesty, one to whom jesting or deception in an affair of this kind is unthinkable.

In reply to a recent letter the Governor wrote to me under date of November 16, 1906:

"The séance to which my letters referred was in open daylight, and the voice of the alleged spirit, which sounded like that of my daughter, was so distinct and loud that it could be easily heard by every one in the room, but it always seemed to be in the trumpet except once, when Mr. C.'s little girl who passed out of life several years ago seemed to speak as if sitting on her papa's lap. Our daughter sang songs—one of these was of her own composition.

"The medium's mouth appeared to be tightly closed and she offered to fill her mouth with water, but, as I wrote to you, I did not apply that test, not thinking it worth while. The large end of the trumpet rested on the back of a chair, while my wife held the other end, but did not have to hold it to her ear except now and then, as generally we could all understand every word that was said. The medium at no time during the sitting touched the trumpet, but was *eight or more feet away from it*, and no one of the company was near the trumpet except my wife."

I have witnessed many phenomena of so-called independent voices. Much fraud is connected with this kind of phenomena, especially when they take place in the dark. But I have witnessed, under test conditions, phenomena of this class which have puzzled me just as it puzzled the governor I have quoted. In the governor's case what was said is not of so much importance, for tricky mediums may get hold of facts which will puzzle any of us if they are suddenly sprung upon us, especially under mysterious, ghostly surroundings, for many a brave

man who does not believe in ghosts is nevertheless afraid of them.

Case 3 is thus vouched for by Professor Hyslop in a letter published in connection with a full report in *The Progressive Thinker* (September 26, 1906), Chicago, Ill.:

"*To the Editor:*

"The account as published in the Omaha *World-Herald*[1] of recent date is true with the exception of a few newspaper alterations that do not affect the substance of it. The man who wrote it [David Abbott] is an expert investigator and well acquainted with me. His statement of facts is conservative and careful. I witnessed many of them, and you can rely on the article as representing the facts correctly.

"James H. Hyslop."

The editor speaks of this same David Abbott as a magician who has a wide reputation in psychic circles, and as one who has made a life study of the tricks of the professional medium.

Mr. Abbott describes the medium as the wife of a humble farmer, a woman who has been the devoted mother of fifteen children, and has never been twenty miles from her home more than once or twice in her life. She lives in an obscure little village called Braderick, Ohio—a spot very far removed from the

[1] It was reprinted in *The Progressive Thinker*, Sept. 26, 1906.

beaten track, the only mode of access is by a little ferry across from Huntington, W. Va.

The name of this woman is Mrs. E. Blake, and she has been a wonder to her friends for fifty years.

Mr. Abbott says:

"I determined to make an investigation on such lines as would entirely remove the possibility of any kind of trickery being employed. I will say, for such readers as may not know, that I am a performer of the tricks used by the hundreds of spirit mediums that travel over the land. I am thoroughly familiar with the various 'systems' by which they gain the information that they give their subjects, and I determined to entirely remove the possibility of anything of that kind being used in this case. I was known to no one in that part of the country with the exception of Mr. 'X.' who merely knew my name and residence. He knew nothing of any of my relatives, nor of the towns where they resided. I was entirely satisfied that this gentleman was of too high a character to attempt to learn anything of my private history and reveal it to this woman. Besides I found that gathering information about persons at a distance of a thousand miles is a very up-hill business. Nevertheless, to make assurance doubly sure I determined to take a gentleman with me, entirely unknown to any one in that region and to take him under an assumed name. The gentleman I selected was Mr. George W. Clawson of Kansas City, Mo., who, like myself, is a member of the American Society for Psychical Research. I did not reveal to him where he was to go (with the exception that it was within one hundred miles of Cincinnati) until two days before starting. I then merely wrote him that we would go to Huntington, but gave no names. I did not tell him the lady's name or town until we arrived in Huntington and had started for her village. Just before leaving Omaha I wired Professor Hyslop in New York when we were to meet in Huntington. I went by way

of Kansas City where Mr. Clawson was. I asked him to choose a name to travel under, and he did so—the name was C. E. Wilson.

"Mr. Clawson registered at the Florentine Hotel under the name of C. E. Wilson, and I introduced him to Mr. X. under that name. It was the first time that I had met Mr. X. and as he had only known me since April I was certain that even he was in the dark as to my history. I had carefully instructed Mr. Clawson in the method of asking questions so as to reveal no information between lines. As he was an attorney he proved an apt pupil and I was soon certain I need have no fears on that score. I was present at all of the sittings and heard every word, so that any information the voices gave I knew must be obtained by some means outside of the ordinary channels."

Mr. Abbott then proceeds to give a long account of several sittings that he and his friend Mr. Clawson and later Dr. Hyslop had with this woman. He says, "We found the woman sitting by her window in a willow rocker with her crutches by her side." She hesitated at first to give Mr. Abbott and his friend sittings because of her feeble condition, having just recovered from a six weeks' illness. The first three sittings were held in Mrs. Blake's home and the last one was given across the river at the office of Mr. X. where we had taken Mrs. Blake to have a photograph taken. He says that in the sittings Mrs. Blake used a trumpet, one end of which he himself or Mr. Clawson would put to his ear, and the other end Mrs. Blake would hold sometimes in her hand, or sometimes to her own ear. These

sittings were in the light. Sometimes the voices were so loud that they could be heard frequently at the distance of one hundred feet. "The information received was most marvelous. We received in all nineteen correct names, while we received none that were wrong." There was evidence that satisfied Mr. Abbott and his friend Mr. Clawson that the intelligences talking did not receive the information through fraudulent means. Mr. Clawson's correct name was given; Mr. David Abbott's name was given, by what claimed to be spirit friends.

The following indicates the kind of conversation carried on:

"I took the trumpet, but as the words sounded weak, I surrendered it to Mr. Clawson. Instantly the voice began loud and strong, so that I could easily distinguish the words where I sat. Mr. Clawson said, 'Who is this?' The voice replied, 'Grandma Daily.' Mr. Clawson then said, 'How do you do, grandma? I used to know you, didn't I?' The voice replied, 'How do you do, George? I want to talk to Davie.' I spoke from the outside of the trumpet and said, 'I can hear you, grandma.' I then said to Mr. Clawson, 'Keep your position. I can hear from the outside.' . . . After the voice of my grandmother gave a daughter's name, it continued with these words: 'Davie, I want you to be good and pray, and meet me over here.'" With the exception of the words, 'over here,' in place of the word 'heaven,' these were the identical words which my grandmother spoke to me the last time I ever heard her voice.

"Mr. Clawson now continued, 'Grandma, tell me the name of Davie's mother.' The voice replied 'Sarah.' He said, 'Yes, but she has another name. What is it?' The voice

said, 'How do you do?' Mr. Clawson said, 'That is not what I mean.' The voice then said, 'Abbott.' 'This is all right,' continued Mr. Clawson, 'but I call her by another name when I speak of her. What is it?' The voice then plainly said, 'Aunt Fannie.' This was correct.

"At this instant the loud voice of a man broke into the conversation. It was low in pitch, was a vocal tone, and had a weird effect. The voice said, 'How do you do?' Mr. Clawson said, 'How do you do, sir; who are you?' The voice replied, 'Grandpa Abbott,' then repeated hurriedly a name that sounded like 'David Abbott,' and then the voice expired with a sound as of some choking or strangling and went off dimly and vanished. My grandfather's name was 'David Abbott.'

"After this Mrs. Blake asked to rest a few moments and turned in her chair so as to use the other ear. While resting I decided to offer a suggestion to Mrs. Blake indirectly and to note the result. Turning to Mr. Clawson, I said, 'It is strange that those we desire to talk to so strongly do not come. Now your daughter, whom you would rather talk to than anyone, seems to identify herself, but it seems strange to me that she did not give her name correctly.' I did this intending to convey to Mrs. Blake the idea that the name which on the first evening was understood to be 'Edna' was not correct.

"When Mr. Clawson next took the trumpet the voice of a girl spoke and said, 'Daddie, I am here.' He said, 'Who are you?' The voice replied, 'Georgia,' which was correct. Mr. Clawson then said, 'Georgia, is this you?' 'Yes, daddie,' she replied, 'don't you think I know my own name?' He then said, 'I thought you did, Georgia, and could not understand why you would not tell me. Where do we live, Georgia?' The voice replied, 'In Kansas City,' which was correct.

"The voice then continued, 'Daddie, I am so glad to talk to you, and so glad you came here to see me. I wish you could see my beautiful home. We have flowers and music every day.' Mr. Clawson then said, 'Georgia, tell me the

name of the young man you were engaged to.' The name pronounced was indistinct, so he asked the voice to spell it. The letters A-R-C were spelled out and then pronounced 'Ark,' which was correct. The gentleman's first name was 'Archimedes,' and he was called 'Ark.' After this the voice spelled the complete name. Mr. Clawson then said, 'Georgia, where is Ark?' The reply could not be understood. Mr. Clawson then asked, 'Is he in Denver?' A loud 'No! No!' almost vocal was heard, and then the words, 'He is in New York.' I was informed afterward that this was correct.

"The voice then said, 'Daddie, I want to tell you something. Ark is going to marry another girl.' Mr. Clawson said, 'You say he is going to be married?' The voice said, 'Yes, daddie, but it's all right. I do not care now. Besides, he does not love her as he did me.' I will mention the fact that since our return from West Virginia, Mr. Clawson has received a letter from the gentleman in question, announcing his approaching marriage.

"Mr. Clawson then asked the voice what grandmothers were there, and she replied that Grandmother Daily and Grandmother Abbott were with her. He then said, 'Are these all?' The voice said, 'Do you mean my own grandmother, my mother's mother?' Mr. Clawson replied, 'Yes.' The voice then said, 'Grandma Marcus is here.' This was correct. Mrs. Marquis had died shortly before this, and her grandchildren always pronounced her name as if it were spelled 'Marcus.'

"The reader will please to remember that Mr. Clawson's name had so far been given to no one in that section of the country. That, as no one knew he was to be there, he could not have been looked up, and as he did not himself know where he was going, trickery could absolutely play no part in the names given him. I was present at all sittings, and there was no chance of any error. Yet these names came just as readily for him, and as correctly as they did for me whose name had previously been known to one resident of Huntington.

"At this point the loud voice of a man spoke up and said, 'I am here. I want to talk to Davie.' I took the trumpet and the voice said, 'Davie, do you know me?' I said, 'No, who are you?' The voice replied, 'Grandpa Daily.' The voice then said, 'Tell your mother I talked to you, and tell your father, too.' Mr. Clawson took the trumpet quickly from me, and said, 'Hello, Grandpa, I used to know you, didn't I?' The voice replied, 'Of course you did.' Mr. Clawson (whose name had so far never been given), said, 'Tell me who I am?' The voice replied out loud, distinct, and very quickly, 'I know you well; you are George Clawson.'"

Mr. Abbott had many more experiences of this kind. He winds up his description with the following comment:

"Those who would give a theory that will explain these phenomena must advance one that will explain the facts. The theory that it is trickery may apply to some of the facts given to me, since one person in that country knew that a person of my name lived in Omaha, but it is very improbable that trickery was resorted to. This theory does not explain Mr. Clawson's case.

"People living a thousand miles from me could not know that I intended to take an unknown person with me; then they could not go and look up his name and history minutely. That it is guess-work on the part of the medium, or chance, is simply a silly statement. How many readers could have guessed that George's second name was Clawson, how many could have guessed and given correctly nineteen names while giving none that were wrong? The information given by the voices was always correct.

"Do I believe in what is known as Spiritualism and is exploited by the hundreds of spirit-mediums over the country? Emphatically no! I am too familiar with the methods of trickery with which they produce their illusions, for that

I produce most of their feats for purposes of amusement myself.

"Do I believe in Mrs. Blake? That is another question. The information which her voices furnished is entirely beyond the possibilities of any system of trickery. There can be no question as to this. That she possesses some power not possest by ordinary mortals must be conceded.

"Is it really spirits, or is it merely some freak power of the mind? Each must judge for himself. The lady solemnly assures me that it is the voices of our dead. I said, 'Mrs. Blake, do you really believe it to be the dead talking?' She replied, 'I do not believe, I know. Belief is one thing, but knowledge is another.'

"What is my opinion? It does not matter. It is not my place to express an opinion; it is only my place to relate the facts with sacred accuracy. Each reader must form his own opinion of the meaning of the facts. I most solemnly assure the reader that I have given them accurately. There is no need of explanation in this case, for the truth is sufficient without any additions or exaggerations.

"It seems like a fairy story, yet it is a true story, I myself have seen these wonders.

"I only know that far away, hundreds of miles over the hills on the banks of the Ohio River, there sits an elderly and frail woman in a chair, and kings could well afford to trade their power for hers."

Professor Hyslop, with his usual caution, is not ready to have his own experiences on this occasion given to the public. There are other experiments of this class which he desires to make, and when these are completed, quite likely, he will print them and these in full with his comments in one of the publications of the American Society for Psychical Research.

V

TYPICAL CASES OF SEVERAL CLASSES OF PSYCHIC PHENOMENA

Ruskin, says Holman Hunt, confest that he had changed his disbelief in immortality to belief, in the following conversation:

HOLMAN HUNT: You must remember that when last we met you had given up all belief in immortality.

RUSKIN: I remember it well. What has mainly caused the change in my views is the unanswerable evidence of Spiritualism. I know there is much vulgar fraud and stupidity connected with it, but underneath there is, I am sure, enough to convince us that there is personal life independent of the body; but with this once proved I have no further interest in the pursuit of Spiritualism.[1]

Class I

Indicating thought transference other than by one or more of the five senses.

CASE 1. The private secretary of the Bishop of London wrote under date of February 3, 1906: "The bishop desires me to say the enclosed is a correct account of an experience by him."

The following is the account enclosed:

"I was sitting in my room one morning, when I was told

[1] *Daily Chronicle*, London, December 5, 1906.

that a woman wanted to see me. I was very busy, and almost said at first, 'Oh, I'm too busy to see any one this morning,' but I thought and said, 'No, I have made a rule never to refuse to see anybody, in case it is some one in trouble. So I said, 'Let the woman come upstairs.' She came and the first thing she said to me was this: 'I was going to ask you whether you can find a use in your work for £1000?' I said, 'It is the very thing I have been wondering all the morning how I was to get.' I showed her exactly what I was going to spend the £1000 on, and the whole scheme was carried out.''

Case 2. A young lady in New York City—I will call her Miss N.—of refinement and social standing and who is wholly nonprofessional, possesses rare telepathic power. She consented last winter to come to the house of a friend of mine and submit to a series of tests. On the evening there were present this friend (Mr. A.), his wife and daughter (Mrs. and Miss A.), Miss N., a gentleman physician, and myself. It was agreed that I was to designate the tests to be made. This I did always by writing. This precaution was taken because I find that sensitives sometimes have developed abnormally the sense of hearing. The writing of each test was done after Miss N. had gone out of the room to the further end of the building. In all the tests, as Miss N. entered the room, each of us was to think of the wording of the request, and in the first five tests Mrs. A. and Miss A. joined their hands around the sensitive's body, but were careful not to touch her, and in the

remaining six tests they simply followed immediately behind her. "Complete success" in the report that follows means that without the slightest hesitation the psychic went immediately to the object and did what was requested.

Tests

1. A lead pencil was put under cover cloth on the piano and was to be found. Complete success.
2. Black cup on the mantel to be touched. Complete success.
3. Electric button at the door to be touched. Complete success.
4. Take small picture from a shelf on which a mirror was placed, and remove picture to mantel. Complete success.
5. To sit on a certain big chair in an adjoining room. Complete success.
6. To pick up a crystal and carry it to the center of the room. Complete success.
7. Pick up a certain visiting-card in the card basket on table. Complete success.
8. Pull together the portières between the two rooms. First attempt she went between the two rooms and there stopt, but did not put the portières together. Second attempt did it correctly.
9. Pull pin out of piano cover. Complete success.
10. Take crystal from stand and put it on top of bookcase. Complete success.
11. Take pencil from table and card from basket and write on card. Complete success.

In this series of tests there was no possibility of any clandestine seeing, as through a keyhole, or other crevice, and all care was taken by the experi-

menters not to look toward the object to be touched or moved. The young lady when asked said that she had not the slightest theory in explanation. She simply followed her first impression. "If I *think*, it all goes from me, and I can do nothing."

Sir William Crookes's explanation of phenomena of this kind is that thought makes vibrations, and these vibrations, after the manner suggested by wireless telegraphy, are caught by any human brain receiver which may be attuned to the brain transmitter.

People in sympathy with each other tell us that they at times have sat together by the hour and tho they scarcely have uttered a word yet they have felt that somehow they have communed with one another. We all remember the story that is told of Tennyson once visiting Carlyle, and that these two men sat together in front of the great fireplace and smoked for three hours, and in all that time uttered only now and then a word or two; at last when Tennyson rose to go Carlyle said to him, "Come again, Alfred, we have had a grand time," and he meant it.

I have had the tongues of sensitives respond to my thinking as if they were the echoes of my mind.

Case 3. A few weeks ago I sent a lady acquain-

tance, Mrs. H., to Mrs. Margaret Gaule, a well-known professional psychic in New York, of whom Mrs. H. had never heard. Mrs. H. is almost an entire stranger in New York City.

At once Mrs. Gaule said to her: "You were born in Jamaica, in the West Indies, and your name is——." Both of these facts were correct. Then Mrs. Gaule continued, "There is a spirit here who says that she is your mother, and as a test she tells you that on your left hand (her hand was covered with a glove) is a gold ring. This ring is a double ring—on the inside of it is my wedding ring. This you have had fastened on the inside of the large ring in a way that can not be seen when it is on your finger as it is now. The large ring was given to you by your grandmother." This was a curiously correct fact—the inner ring is a very small gold ring, and it is soldered inside of the larger gold ring. The inside ring could not be seen except when the ring was taken off the finger, nor could the large ring be seen through the glove. However, the large ring was not a present from a grandmother, but was a present from a grandaunt of Mrs. H.'s. One of those suggestive slips which these psychic intelligences make.

Then Mrs. Gaule said: "Your grandmother also is here—your grandmother on your father's side. She says that you are wearing a brooch pin that

belonged to her." Mrs. H. tells me that she did not, at the time, know that the brooch pin that she had on had belonged to her grandmother, but when she went home she discovered that this was a fact.

All of the facts here told were in the conscious mind of the sitter with the exception of the previous ownership of the brooch, and that fact had quite likely been known, but forgotten. Of course, this possibility does not disprove the spirit hypothesis.

Case 4. George L. Seabury, a gentleman residing in Brooklyn and concerning whose trustworthiness I have made careful inquiries, went to a medium, Mrs. May S. Pepper, with a written note containing two questions addrest to his deceased father. This note he placed in an envelop which he sealed, and kept in his pocket during the entire sitting. He told no one of his intentions. The medium said a spirit was present, giving the name of the deceased father correctly, and then gave a direct answer to each of the two questions, *which had not left the sitter's pocket.*

In explanation of this, it is quite certain at that moment the sitter was thinking of the name of his father and of the questions in his pocket and the medium may have caught the thought vibrations correctly.

However, if this theory of explanation be correct any name could be enclosed in a letter, the name of a living or dead person, or a wholly fictitious name could be handed the medium and the answers might fit, as the information might come from the mind of the sitter in the circle. On the other hand, it is not absurd to believe that spirits may communicate with one another and with us by thought vibrations, and that mediums thoroughly honest get thoughts that come from the sitters confused with thoughts that come from foreign intelligences, they themselves not knowing the source of the information. The wires get crossed—a theory that might explain possibly much of the weakness, the absurdities, and contradictions in spirit communications.

Class II

Indicating a Clairvoyant Power.

A gentleman who was connected with the University of Chicago, and who was a fellow in Semitics in the University, is a clergyman, editor, and teacher, and has forty years behind him to back his discretion, sent me a sealed letter which he desired me to submit to a medium as a test. Receiving very many requests of this kind, I threw the letter into a pigeon-

hole, with a little slip pinned to it showing from whom it came. I did not know, at the time, that this gentleman had had much experience as an investigator and was an expert in his preparation of tests.

One evening after returning home I made up my mind to visit Mrs. Pepper with an envelop which I myself had prepared. It occurred to me to take also some envelops that I had received. It was so dark in my study that I could not distinguish the envelops, so I took one from about the middle of the pile in the pigeon-hole and unpinned the little identification slip that I was in the habit of putting on this class of letters that came to me, and threw this slip on my study table. In my dressing-room I saw that this envelop had no writing whatever on it but had in each corner two faint pencil-marks, and that the flap of the envelop, tho sealed, was not protected with sealing-wax. Over the place where the four flaps of the envelop overlapped I dropt heated sealing-wax, and stamped this wax with an old seal. I could not find out from whom this envelop came, altho I tested it by microscope and by bright light, nor did I know anything about what was in it. I told no one of my intention of visiting Mrs. Pepper that evening, nor anything whatever about the letters I intended to take with me. In fact I had

not thought of attending a séance at her house until after I reached home at 6:30 o'clock that evening.

Entering the house I took my seat alongside of the table on which I placed my two envelops. The second envelop the medium took in her hand was the one that I had taken from my pigeon-hole and had sealed before leaving home. The medium at once said, "I hear the name Horacum or Horaca [the names I give are fictitious, but the real names are as strange names as those I here give] and I hear 'Pearl,' 'Pearl.' Whose letter is this?" [There were fifteen or twenty persons in the room at the time, and nearly every one had placed a letter on the table.] I said, "It is mine," recognizing it by the seal. "Well, who is Pearl?" I said, "I do not know, is Pearl the name of a person?" "No," after a moment's hesitation, "it is not the name of a person. Mother Horacum says, 'Tell Eton that the pearl breast-pin was not stolen; it was lost.' You do not know what is in this letter. The man who sent you this letter is named Eton, and he lives in the West. This letter is addrest to a spirit named Horacum or Horaca, and was sent to you by a man named Wilton." After a while the medium told me the name of the man was Eton Wilton, which I found to be correct on my return home, by looking at the writing on the identification slip which I had thrown on my

desk. Without opening the letter I returned it to Mr. Wilton at the University of Chicago.

In reply Wilton wrote to me as follows:

"I give you the facts—you can see the value of the points involved.

"Mrs. Horacus, an old schoolmate of mine, died some fourteen or fifteen years ago, leaving one little daughter. I have never seen the latter, nor have I had any communication with her. She lives a thousand miles from Chicago in the Far West. Last fall this daughter visited an aunt—on her father's side—unknown to me—I do not even know her name—and was presented with a beautiful pearl pin. Shortly after she returned home the pin was missing.

"Some two or three weeks ago a relative of hers mentioned the above facts in a letter to me, and jocularly suggested that I find it; knowing that I was making some psychic investigations. I made no reply: have not in fact written to this person since.

"There were points in your story of the 'Widow's Mite' concerning which, as you know, different theories could be entertained—hence I concluded to try this experiment through you. Neither I, nor the party who wrote me of it, could have any further knowledge of the missing article, beyond what I have stated. *You* did not know what the sealed question was. Ordinary 'mind-reading' or 'unconscious memory,' 'sub-conscious mind' would be pretty well excluded. Moreover, I have seen clairvoyants clearly affected both by the personality of the bearer of a letter and that of the writer. I wanted to test a medium at that point in my own way. You can judge of the result.

"Being familiar with many tricks of the 'fakers' I prefer when a sealed letter goes out of my possession to have it so prepared *internally* that any tampering will betray that it has been tampered with—yet it will *appear* perfectly *simple*—apparently 'open to investigation,' on the outside. Of

the several precautions used on the letter I sent you, the note was written on hard paper folded so that the writing was on the inside, the two faces turned together when folded. Two thicknesses of paper was between it and the enclosing envelop, like enclosed specimen. The writing was partly in colored ink, partly in *copying* pencil, not moistened, and written *lightly*, so that to the eye it would at first appear as ordinary pencil-writing. Any moisture on this would at once bring out the real color of the copying pencil, and excess would dissolve it. A thin strip of white tissue was passed through the folded note, two ends glued to the envelop. Had the envelop been opened by any means the person drawing out the note would have broken the tissue. As this tissue was previously treated with a chemical I could tell by a simple test if any one had succeeded in replacing or duplicating the slip. On the inside flap of the envelop there was writing in dry copying pencil just above the gum, where it would be at once reached by any liquid into which it might be dipt, or by any liquid that might be put upon it so as to be able to read the writing inside.

"In some of my tests I write in Semitic characters, being pretty sure that the average medium would be incapable of reproducing these characters if she endeavored to substitute in the envelop and so cover up her tracks. This precaution is, however, strengthened by writing on the inside of the envelop opposite the writing on the flap. The application of alcohol or other liquid would change the color of the writing, and much would cause the characters to run into each other.

"I am not a spiritualist, but have been investigating the subject for some years. The question which I asked Mrs. Horacus reads: 'Your daughter has lost a beautiful pearl pin recently given her by her aunt. Can you tell her where it is?'"

The reader will observe that Mrs. Pepper got correctly the name of the mother, which was wholly

unknown to me, and that the question was concerning a pearl pin and that the pin had disappeared. I knew nothing whatever as to the question, nor is it at all likely that any person this side of Chicago knew it, as Mr. Wilton assures me he told no person that he intended writing me this question.

Mr. Wilton, in one of his letters, observes concerning this test: "Personally I do not think the result so far goes beyond the demonstration of Mrs. Pepper's clairvoyance. The old question of the explanation of clairvoyance does not seem to me to be affected by the results of the test. I could wish that the results had been more specific—that something more about the pin had been discovered, and its precise whereabouts."

Class III

Indicating a mechanical power in thought.

A scientific friend, Dr. Veeder, living in Lyons, N. Y., a writer on scientific subjects of wide reputation, and a man of extended experience, has succeeded within the past few weeks in making what seems to be a photograph of thought or brain vibrations. Under his direction, several persons of tested psychic power, each put a hand above and below

a sensitive photographic plate that had been purchased by himself and had not been removed from its original covering, and they all fixt their thoughts upon a certain object for two minutes, and then the plate was developed by Dr. Veeder and the form of the object was found photographed on the plate.

Dr. Pierce, a gentleman residing in San Francisco and whom I have known for several years, has made even a more successful experiment of a similar kind. Alone in his own room, he secured a photograph of a child's face on a plate while the plate was yet in the packing in which he originally purchased it. He himself did the developing, also in his own room.

Various examples of what is called spirit photography I described in my former book on this subject.[1]

If we apply Crookes's thought vibratory theory, a possible explanation may be given of at least a part of these photographic phenomena. As we all know, many stars have been discovered by photography of which the light vibrations could not be detected by the naked eye. The waves made by thought can not be detected by the eye, but may be caught by the photographic lens. Much more experimenting is needed along these lines before any satisfactory generalization is possible, either for or against the spirit hypothesis.

[1] "The Widow's Mite and Other Psychic Phenomena."

Class IV

Indicating the power of the human ego to manifest itself objectively at a distance.

Case 1. A well-known gentleman in New York, a man whose veracity would be questioned by no one who knows him, a physician of standing, also an editor and publisher of reputation—gives me his "word of honor" as to the truth of the following personal experience which, after having told it to me the second time, he wrote out at my request.

The following is the narrative written by his own hand, and from which I have quoted on a previous page of this book:

"Some years ago I passed through the following experiences, which I will relate in the order they came to me. I had for a number of months been engaged in work that required concentrated mental effort, with little opportunity for physical exercise. I was not, however, conscious of any mental tension, and was in what I considered perfect physical health.

"One day sitting at the dining table, my right hand and arm fell absolutely helpless at my side. I left the table, and going into another room, found that there was no indication of life in hand or arm. Pinching my flesh I found there was no sensation resulting, and apparently no circulation of blood. I had been for a number of years a believer in the control of mind over body, and so made a mental effort to overcome the peculiar condition. In a short time the blood was circulating freely through the veins and I could use both the hand and arm just as well as ever. The following day,

seated at the dinner table again, everything seemed to grow dark about me, and I could see people's bodies simply as vague forms, and their voices reached me as tho from a long distance. Yet my mind was perfectly clear, and with a strong mental effort I succeeded in regaining my normal condition. A day or two later, while looking at a newspaper, lights flashed before me, and still later frequently during the day waves of light seemed to circle about my head. By this time I made up my mind that it was necessary that I do something, and decided to give up my work and take a vacation for a few weeks. I was then living in a New England city. I left it, and coming to New York, took rooms at a hotel for a week's time. The first night, after going to bed, almost like a flash of light, I lost control over all physical motion, and my body was devoid of all sensation, yet my mind was clearer perhaps than it had ever been in my life. The first thought that came to me was, that I had been paralyzed, and for a few minutes I was filled with a sense of fear. This, however, passed away, and I began making a conscious mental effort to see if I could use my body. After what seemed to be almost two hours, I succeeded in getting full use of my muscles again. I do not know whether the time mentioned is right or not, as I did not look at my watch to note the time; but after coming out of this condition, I lay very quietly for perhaps fifteen minutes, thinking it over, and wondering what it could mean, and then fell asleep and slept nearly all night.

"I had no other experiences during the week worth relating, but on Saturday night took the cars for Jacksonville, Florida, arriving there near noon. Tuesday evening of that day I retired early, saying to some friends who were with me that I would join them at breakfast the next morning at nine o'clock. They waited for me until almost ten, and then decided that I had probably gone to take a walk, and that they had better take their breakfast. Some time after eleven, one of my friends who was a little uneasy concerning me, came to my room and knocked loudly on the door. I can remember an indistinct sensation, but the knocking sound

seemed to be away off in the distance. By and by it grew plainer, and I could hear his voice calling to me, and in a little while I was able to respond. I got up and drest myself. I had no clear thought as to what I had passed through during the night. It was as when one has dreamed, and then awakened and tried to recall the dream, and the greater the effort, the more the memory eludes him. I can best describe it in this way; and yet there was a certain consciousness of having passed through some very wonderful experience.

"Thursday afternoon, somewhere about two o'clock, I left Jacksonville for Palatka on one of the Saint John's River steamers, my friends going with me. Within fifteen minutes after the time I went on board the steamer, my feet began to grow numb and to lose sensation. I would walk for a little while with my friends, then walk up and down the deck, trying through mental effort and exercise to throw off the numbness, but this I was unable to do, and by the time we reached Palatka, nearly seven o'clock at night, the numbness had gotten into my ankles. We sat down to dinner, and after dinner,—perhaps about eight o'clock, I excused myself to my friends and went to my room. Undressing, I made an examination of feet and ankles, and found that they were cold, without any circulation or sensation. After a little while I put out the light and retired, but no sooner had I done this than the action became more rapid, and I could feel it almost as tho it was a creeping sensation moving up my legs. I got up and lit the gas and went back to bed; but instead of lying down as I had done before, I sat up partially in bed, with pillows arranged in such a way as to make me comfortable. In a comparatively short time, all circulation ceased in my legs, and they were as cold as those of the dead. The creeping sensation began in the lower part of my body, and that also became cold. There was no sensation of pain or even of physical discomfort. I would pinch my legs with my thumb and finger, but there was no feeling, or no indication of circulation of blood whatever. I might as well have pinched a piece of rubber so far as the sensation produced

was concerned. As the movement continued upward, all at once there came a flashing of lights in my eyes and a ringing in my ears, and it seemed for an instant as tho I had become unconscious. When I came out of this state, I seemed to be walking in the air. No words can describe the exhilaration and freedom that I experienced. No words can describe the clearness of mental vision. At no time in my life had my mind been so clear or so free. Just then I thought of a friend who was more than a thousand miles distant. Then I seemed to be traveling with great rapidity through the atmosphere about me. Everything was light, and yet it was not the light of the day or the sun, but, I might say, a peculiar light of its own, such as I had never known. It could not have been a minute after I thought of my friend before I was conscious of standing in a room where the gas-jets were turned up, and my friend was standing with his back toward me, but suddenly turning and seeing me, said, 'What in the world are you doing here? I thought you were in Florida,' and he started to come toward me. While I heard the words distinctly, I was unable to answer. An instant later I was gone, and the consciousness of the things that transpired that memorable night will never be forgotten. I seemed to leave the earth, and everything pertaining to it, and enter a condition of life of which it is absolutely impossible to give here any thought I had concerning it, because there was no correspondence to anything I had ever seen or heard or known of in any way. The wonder and the joy of it was unspeakable, and I can readily understand now what Paul meant when he said, 'I knew a man, whether in the body or out of it I know not, who was caught up to the third heaven, and there saw things which it is not possible (lawful) to utter.'

"In this latter experience there was neither consciousness of time nor of space; in fact, it can be described more as a consciousness of ecstatic feeling than anything else. It came to me after a time that I could stay there if I so desired, but with that thought came also the consciousness of the friends on earth and the duties there required of me.

The desire to stay was intense, but in my mind I clearly reasoned over it, whether I should gratify my desire or return to my work on earth. Four times my thought and reason told me that my duties required me to return, but I was so dissatisfied with each conclusion that I finally said, 'Now I will think and reason this matter out once more, and whatever conclusion I reach I will abide by. I reached the same conclusion, and I had not much more than reached it when I became conscious of being in a room and looking down on a body propt up in bed, which I recognized as my own. I can not tell what strange feelings came over me. This body, to all intents and purposes, looked to be dead. There was no indication of life about it, and yet here I was apart from the body, with my mind thoroughly clear and alert, and the consciousness of another body to which matter of any kind offered no resistance.

"After what might have been a minute or two, looking at the body, I began to try to control it, and in a very short time all sense of separation from the physical body ceased, and I was only conscious of a directed effort toward its use. After what seemed to be quite a long time, I was able to move, got up from the bed and drest myself, and went down to breakfast.

"For some three months after I passed through similar experiences, and almost any time during the day or night these would come if I did not resist them, but never in exactly the same way as they came that night, usually within a very short time I would have no physical sensation one way or another, and during these three months, I had to make what might be called a constant mental effort to retain physical existence. Frequently in the years that have come and gone since then, have I passed through these experiences, but never like the experience I had in Palatka, as I have never gone wholly beyond the things pertaining to this earth. I may add here that the friend referred to having been seen by me that night was also distinctly conscious of my presence and made the exclamation mentioned. We both wrote the next day and relating the experiences of the

night, and the letters corroborating the incident crossed in the post.

"I know that many people may think that the statements recorded here are simply the result of an active imagination or perhaps a dream, but they are neither the one nor the other. If the whole world was to rise up and say that there was no life after one left the physical organism, it would not make one particle of difference in my mind, as I am absolutely certain that I have been as free from my physical body as I ever will be, and that my life apart from it was far more wonderful than any life I have ever experienced in it. I want it to be distinctly remembered that the body was in no sense sick or diseased, nor was I, in so far as I know, unduly mentally tired or worn out. I had, as I said, been concentrating my mind a great deal, but there was no sense either of physical or mental depletion.

"While I feel I could explain how the experiences I passed through were brought about, yet I do not know that this is at all necessary to the statements I have made. I am willing at any time to make affidavit to the truth of these experiences, and I have since met with one or two people who have had very similar.

"Previous to having passed through these things, I believed in continuity, but I had no abiding certainty concerning it. At the present time there is never a doubt as to its verity that troubles my mind. I have the absolute assurance that when the something which we call death comes, it will only mean a new and larger and more complete life. I do not expect to convince any one of the truth as I see it merely by making these statements, because I have the feeling that one must realize these things for himself; but when once such realization comes, there is thereafter no power on earth that can disturb it."

While I have every confidence in the sanity and integrity of the writer of this extraordinary experience, having long known him, I can not but regret

that the two letters narrating his experience, and which crossed each other in transit, were not preserved.

Case 2. A clergyman residing in New York City, and secretary of one of the leading missionary societies, informs me of the following personal experience:

Some time ago he was on a visit several hundred miles distant, leaving his wife at home. One night he awoke, and was startled to see, standing at his bedside, his wife. He cried out: "My dear, why have you come?" She thereupon stooped and kissed him on the forehead, and then moved to the foot of the bed and said: "I have come to see how you are getting along," and then disappeared. He sprang from his bed, lit the gas, but found no one in the room besides himself, and the door was locked. He was alarmed lest something had happened at home, so early the next morning he sent his wife a fake telegram asking whether any word had come from Chicago about an appointment for him to lecture. He was glad to receive shortly a reply from his wife.

Upon his return home he determined to say nothing to his wife concerning this subject until she herself had first mentioned it. After a little while she asked him whether he had slept well during his absence. He replied, unconcernedly, "Yes, fairly." After

a while she repeated the question, asking whether he had slept well on a certain night, which was the same night on which he had had the singular experience. He thereupon said to her: "What is it? Why do you ask?" Then she told him that on that evening she had been reading a curious statement to the effect that if one, just before retiring, will say to his subjective mind, "At such an hour to-night when I am asleep I wish to visit a certain friend at a distance," it will so do if conditions are favorable and there is harmony between the two. So she said: "I determined to try it. Just before retiring I fixt my mind upon you and said to myself, 'At 1:30 to-night I wish to visit my husband and awaken him, and when he expresses surprize at my presence to stoop down and kiss him on the forehead, and then move to the foot of the bed and say, 'I have come to see how you are getting along.'"

The clergyman at my request wrote out a full account of this strange experience, and told me that the morning following the apparition he spoke of it to two clergymen friends, one of whom is now dead. I wrote to the one now living asking him if he remembered anything about the incident. He replied that he remembered the Rev. Mr. —— telling him about his curious vision, but he could not remember all of the details, but his memory

of the principal details agreed with the facts given above.

In the large two-volume work "Phantasms of the Living" by Gurney, Myers, and Podmore, and in Myers's "Human Personality" many cases of this type of phenomena are given.

Class V

Indicating intelligences outside of human bodies.

Case 1. The incident narrated below is worthy of note because both of its character and the intelligence of the narrator. Its narrator is A. A. Hill, editor of *The Blacksmith and Wheelwright*, and *The Amateur Sportsman*, New York, 27 Park Place. After many questions, it was written out in full at my request.

"Some twelve or fifteen years ago I was the editor of the New York *Sunday Dispatch*, a newspaper well known at that period and for many years before. One of our reporters was a man named Williamson, a son of the former owner, then deceased. He was about thirty years of age, and having long been connected with the paper, was retained on the staff by the new owner, more because of his faithfulness and loyalty and out of respect for his lamented father, than because of his journalistic or intellectual ability. It was his duty to take care of the city fire-department news and gossip, and his interest in the fire department and its affairs was unusual—I could almost say, phenomenal. Moreover, if

to his faithfulness and zeal for his work had been added average talent, he would have been a treasure as a reporter. It used to wound his feelings greatly whenever I found it necessary to curtail or otherwise edit the copy he turned in concerning what seemed to me to be rather trivial fire-department matters.

"But he was suddenly stricken with illness and died within a few days. In casting about for some one to fill his place, I bethought myself of a quiet, modest, but very bright young journalist who had previously been in my employ in another city. In engaging him I was careful not to inform him that a member of the staff had died or that he was to fill a vacancy. The position did not warrant paying a large salary, and a bright young man could take on other work. So I wrote my young friend that I could find work for him if he would come on and be willing to do anything called upon to do. He arrived the following Wednesday afternoon, and being a stranger in the city, I met him at the railway station and took him to the office. I gave him the desk formerly occupied for a good many years by his predecessor, who had then been dead for about a week, telling him he need do nothing that day, and if he would excuse me for a time while I finished some writing, I would then take him up-town and find him a place to board.

"In about fifteen or twenty minutes he suddenly appeared at my desk, looking astonished and agitated. He laid two sheets of manuscript before me, written on the usual copy paper of the office, with the remark: 'I did not write that.' I could not see much sense in the remark, but replied: 'Well, if you didn't, who did? Some of it looks like your handwriting.' His reply was: 'I don't know; as soon as I sat down I never felt so peculiar and drowsy in my life. I must have gone to sleep and when I was awakening I found myself writing, but it doesn't all look like my handwriting.'

"Now, I should explain that this young man's handwriting was nervous, small, and not clearly legible, while his dead predecessor had written a large, round hand that could be read easily. But the writing in question varied between

that of the two; some of it was like the writing of the dead man and some like that of the new reporter, and other parts of it were a composite or intermixture of both. The last few words were undecipherable, and the sentence was apparently unfinished. It should likewise be stated that the deceased reporter had for years begun his report of the meetings of the fire commissioners in this form: 'The regular weekly meeting of the fire commissioners was held last Wednesday, Commissioner —— in the chair.' The manuscript the young man had placed before me began that way, altho if he himself had been the author of it in his normal condition, it would by no means be the form he would begin a newspaper story of that kind. It purported to state what had been done at a fire commissioners' meeting, and altho it was not all clear or complete, there was enough to puzzle me.

"Now comes the most singular fact: I preserved the two pages of manuscript, and the next day ascertained what had been done at the fire commissioners' meeting, held perhaps an hour or two before it had been written. I was astonished to find that so far as it went, it was a correct report of what had actually taken place.

"What was the agency by which this information was conveyed? Was it thought-transference or mind-reading? It could not have come from me. I certainly neither knew nor cared what they did at the meeting, and I had intended to omit publishing the report for that week altogether, or get an abstract for publication from some other paper, not sending the new man for the report until the following week. The information could hardly have been 'thought transferred' by any living fire commissioner from another part of the city; none of them was especially anxious that the *Sunday Dispatch* publish their reports, even if he were able to thus 'project' the information through space in this way. It could have been no one in the newspaper office, for no one had such information to impart, and there was only an office boy and a bookkeeper on the floor. It could not have been any trick or duplicity on the part of the new reporter himself. He knew nothing about the fire commissioners, or

their meetings, or that they were published in the paper which was to employ him, even tho he had possest the miraculous power of reporting a meeting several miles away and when not attending it.

"Could the man who had just died, and who had always taken such a vital interest in the fire department and in the reports in the *Sunday Dispatch* concerning these meetings, have returned in spirit and through the new reporter communicated the report for publication?

"I will leave the solution to the reader. I have only stated the absolute facts."

Case 2. Prof. James H. Hyslop tells of the following concerning his first series of many tests through the medium Mrs. Piper:

Professor Hyslop at the time of this series was personally unknown to Mrs. Piper. He went into her presence in disguise, and communications came to him through her while she was in a trance or cataleptic condition. As I said on a former page, after the most careful tests known to the medical profession, there is no question as to the genuineness of these cataleptic states of Mrs. Piper or of the fact that she is wholly unconscious when fully in this condition.

Many of these strange communications that came to the Professor purported to come from his father and other members of his family who had died years before in the West. Some of the family affairs told were unknown to the Professor, but he succeeded in

verifying them afterward by communication with his distant relatives. The Professor has published, under the auspices of the Society for Psychical Research, a complete report of this series of sittings, every word uttered, however trivial, having been taken down in shorthand and published in this report. The result of this series of sittings was to convince Professor Hyslop that the dead can and do at times commune in a physical way with the living, and that in this case they did identify themselves to him so that he was convinced that he was talking to his father and other of his relatives. On one of these occasions she got the intelligence that claimed to be his father to give him privately a watchword or sentence by which he could at other sittings with other mediums identify his father if he came, and this watchword the Professor told to no living person. Such identification through another medium the Professor is certain he has secured.

This conveyance of the watchword might be explained possibly by telepathy, for quite likely the Professor at that moment was thinking of the watchword. However, if thought can be transferred in this way, the successful identification of a spirit communicating becomes impossible. I fear, through our many objections, we are not giving the ghost *the ghost of a chance.* We should remember the scien-

tific canon: An explanation to be satisfactory must explain all of the facts that belong to the class. Here is a fact that must be included in the explanation: Professor Hyslop assures us that the Society for Psychical Research has secured transatlantic communication through Mrs. Piper in America and another medium in England, the message having started in English and been received in Latin, neither medium understanding Latin. This fact is a very difficult one for the hypothesis of telepathy fully to explain, but we need many more of such facts, and we need that they be more fully reported.

Case 3. A short time ago I spent considerable time investigating the following facts. I have seen the correspondence, and am acquainted with the man concerned—I will call him Mr. R.—and have thoroughly cross-examined him, and have made inquiries of his neighbors and business friends who have known him for years. I find him to be a thoroughly reputable man and that he is regarded by those who know him as wholly truthful.

When he was two years of age his father and mother quarreled and the father left home, never to return. This was in London, England. Twenty-nine years passed. The mother had died, and the son had come to America, and had succeeded in business, and had

married. Through newspaper reports he learned that a psychic a number of miles distant from where he lived was answering questions concerning lost friends, etc. He wrote a letter, addrest it to his spirit mother, asking whether his father was living, and if so, how he could find him. He told no one of his intentions to visit the medium. He was not a spiritualist, and knew no one at the meeting. The letter he placed before the medium. She answered that a motherly woman is here and calls 'William.' She says his father is living, and that if he would address a letter to Messrs. So-and-So on such a street and at such a number in London, he would be told of the father's whereabouts. Mr. R. said he did not know the firm in England, but sent a letter of inquiry as directed, asking his father's address. In a short time he received a letter saying that Mr. —— had been in their employ until about three years before, and that if a letter was addrest to him at such a street and number in Glasgow, it would be likely to reach him. He so addrest a letter, and soon received one from his father. It so happened that shortly after having written this letter, the father was killed in a railroad accident, but the son, through the correspondence that was found among his father's papers, heard from the executor and received his share of the estate. This

is a case that, if the facts are as here given—and after very extensive investigation I am fully convinced that the facts are correct—no recognized theory of telepathy or clairvoyance can possibly explain.

What is the explanation? I frankly say: "I don't know." There may be subconscious faculties in the human soul of which we know as yet very little. Then, again, it is not inconceivable that the countless spirit intelligences, good, bad, and indifferent, in the universe, may be able to perform such marvels as these I have just mentioned; and this explanation may leave the mother wholly out of the case. This latter explanation would be Spiritualism, minus the identity of the spirit.

Case 4. The following has been investigated by me through correspondence with the different parties who participated in the affair. Mrs. L. is the widow of one who was an officer in the War Department in Washington. When her husband died, some two years ago, it was found that he had not left any memorandum giving the combination of the family safe in which were enclosed important papers. A government officer, who was a friend of the family, was called in, as well as a government "safe expert" from the Treasury Department, and after many efforts to open the safe, it was decided to have it sent to

the machine shop connected with the Treasury Department and forcibly opened. Mrs. L., after thinking over the matter during the night, could not endure the thought of having the old family heirloom, which was so closely connected with her late husband, battered and broken.

She finally sent for a safe expert who she had heard was somewhat of a private medium, to see if he could get any impression from spirit sources as to the lock combination. Mrs. L. herself was not a spiritualist. The man came and sat down before the safe, and Mrs. L. in her "own room engaged in earnest prayer." This man in his letter to me writes: "Some power seemed, as I sat before the safe, to take hold of my hand, and moved it to the right a certain distance, and then to the left, and again to the right, and the safe opened."

My examination into this case has removed all doubts from my mind as to the honesty of the parties involved. The woman, in her final letter to me, stoutly affirmed her belief that the safe came open *through her prayer*. The man, however, as stoutly asserts that the spirit of the dead husband guided his hand to the right combination. The Society for Psychical Research records many cases of this class. Prof. William James tells how his mother-in-law found a lost bank-book through Mrs. Piper,

and Immanuel Kant tells how Swedenborg designated the exact spot where a lost receipt was hid, directed, Swedenborg said, by a spirit.

Case 5. Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox assures me of the truth of the following which she herself experienced and which is to her a conclusive proof of the continuity of existence and the possibility of intramundane communication:

"A woman of good birth, social position, and culture, called upon me a few years ago. We possest mutual friends, but had never before met. I had heard of the remarkable psychic powers of this lady, known only to her intimate associates, and never employed for gain, as she was born in affluence and had married a man of means. I mentioned what I had heard of her and exprest a wish for a test. My caller seemed embarrassed and said:

"'I do not like to tamper with this strange force. I have possest it since a child, and my father nearly lost his mind investigating these things. My husband is violently opposed to the whole matter, and I rarely permit myself to give any exhibitions of my powers to any one. I confess I do not understand my gifts, and am a little afraid of them.'

"However, after some persuasion she consented to oblige me.

"I was living in a New York hotel at the time. I sent a bellboy to a lady whose children attended school and obtained two slates. But we had no pencils; and at my suggestion the psychic for the first time tried to obtain messages on note paper between two slates. With the paper I placed a morsel of lead pencil about the size of the end of a darning-needle; a pencil so small that it would not have been held under the finger nail without losing itself.

"I alone touched the paper: I alone touched the pencil;

the paper bore the hotel mark and I took it from my desk, with my own hands.

"The room was brilliantly lighted. After I placed the paper and pencil between the slates, my caller held two ends of the slates in her hands and I held the other two. Almost instantly the closed slates were jerked and pulled as by some violent force; and on the table and on the back of my chair knockings were distinctly audible.

"Upon the paper in a fine, spider-like penmanship, but perfectly legible, was a most tender and motherly message bearing the signature of my husband's mother, who died when he was a small child; a young mother who had lived her sweet brief life in an obscure New-England village, and whose name and history are not known to one friend in one hundred of our circle of acquaintances.

"I replaced other sheets of paper and in all six messages were given to me; all from different people, and all under the glare of a fully lighted electric chandelier, and all in my own room and with my own materials.

"Several of these messages contained assertions and statements to which time has since given added weight. This experience occurred eight years ago. I know that I was not under any hallucination; I know that I was not in a hypnotic state; I know that the slates were not tampered with, and that I alone touched the paper and pencil; I know that no financial consideration entered into the experiment; and I know that the messages were written by some power not explainable by physical science.

"It seems to me, in the light of such experience, as stupid as it is stubborn to deny the fact of communication with realms beyond. This is but one of the many convincing experiments which have come to me in the course of my investigations. In the mean time, I believe only those who wish to establish the spiritual truths on a scientific basis should tamper with these invisible forces. Just as no one ignorant of the laws of electricity should be allowed to juggle with the wires or the batteries.

"I believe it is a sin against ourselves to seek continual

advice and information from the disembodied regarding our material affairs. It prevents our own psychic development, the use of our own divine powers. We have no right to lean on any spirit, in the body or out of it, until we have brought our own to the fulness of the light.

"If we all listened and were still at times, we too 'would hear the murmur of the gods.'

"But let science take the bandage from its eyes, and let it go up reverently into the higher realms of psychic investigation and learn the truth, and tell it to the world, even as it has told the marvels of astronomy and electricity. No greater work can occupy it."

VI

CONCLUSION.—SOME THINGS THAT SEEM PROVEN, AND SOME THINGS THAT SEEM NOT PROVEN

WHAT are called Spiritualistic manifestations are, so far as my experience goes, in large part due to fraud and in large part are traceable to certain psychic powers within us—powers which are more or less active but which psychologists have not as yet clearly defined, in some cases not even really classified—some, possibly, which they have not as yet recognized.

But aside from these there are, in my judgment, whole classes of phenomena which point clearly to the operation of intelligent forces that exist outside of what we know as human bodies.

These foreign forces manifest at times intelligence—indisputably so. This intelligence is a chief element in the psychic problem or problems to be solved.

Whence and what is this intelligence?

I am often asked why I refuse to accept Spiritualism as a proven fact.

Life, London, England, the leading Spiritualistic paper on the other side of the Atlantic, pub-

lished recently some severe strictures on my attitude, declaring it to be "an exceptionally unfortunate one," and it published with apparent editorial indorsement such utterances as these: "Never was a more obstinate skeptic [than I]," declaring that I "cast upon Spiritualism a most incredulous, skeptical countenance," kindly informing the public that I have "been too long on the fence and had better jump to one side or the other"—the writer growing more and more discouraged with my case finally cries out, "What then is the matter with Dr. Funk?"

I am tempted to respond, "He's all right."

Mr. Hudson Tuttle, one of the most prominent Spiritualistic writers in America, attempts in all kindness to answer these criticisms for me. He explains that I am so closely connected with lifelong associates in the Church that an easy break must not be expected. But even he concludes that he does not see how "a sane man" can have had the experiences that I have had and remain in a skeptical attitude toward Spiritualism. I am grateful for the *intent* of this friendly apologist, but I can not but assure him that I should despise myself if, for the reason he gives or for any other reason, I pretended falsely to hold a belief or a lack of belief. Sincerity has been rightly judged to be the "spinal column of a worthy character."

And besides, no man has a right to hide the light he has, however little it may be, under a pint cup, or a bushel. We are all to speak the truth that we understand tho the heavens fall, but truth has ever proven itself uncrushable granite that never permits anything to fall that rests upon it. Five men devoted to truth in Sodom and Gomorrah would have been sufficient to have kept that whole region from sinking, yea, an entire continent, for truth is belted to the engines of omnipotence. It should go without saying that no man should think or act a lie to please any old associates in the Church or out of it. I am sorry to say that in many things I can not measure up to that grand old hero, Saint Paul, but in this I can put my hand on my heart and repeat with him: "With me it is a very small thing that I should be judged of you or of any man's judgment."

If the reader will bear with me I will once more endeavor to make clear my attitude. My definition of a Spiritualist is one who holds as true these two propositions:

1. That intelligences who are foreign to us, that is, who reside beyond our five senses, can and do communicate through the physical sense organs with those—or with some of those—who are living in the flesh.

2. That some of these intelligences can and do identify themselves as those who once lived in the flesh.

I have no hesitancy in accepting the first of these two propositions. As to the second, I have seen no sufficient reason for believing it true. To its acceptance as scientifically proven there remain some very formidable difficulties. I venture briefly to indicate one or two classes of these difficulties which I think must be rationally accounted for before it can be accepted as fully proven that these communicating intelligences are the personalities they claim to be.

First Class of Hindrances to the Acceptance of the Identity Hypothesis: Through one of the best mediums I ever met I was told that the spirit of Theodore Parker wished me to do a certain thing. This was explicit. Three days after, I was with another medium, whom I believed and still believe to be honest. Theodore Parker reported himself as present, but *denied* all knowledge of the previous interview, saying that he was not there and had said nothing of the kind. Since that time I have had "Theodore Parker" reported as present at a dozen séances through different mediums, and have not yet been able to have him recognize any previous interview that I have had with him.

This is not exceptional, but is typical of a multi-

tude of experiences. Will my critics mark this statment: Never once in a clearly defined way—wholly free from the possibility of collusion or coincidence or thought transference—have I, in an interview with a second medium, had described with anything approaching exactness a previous interview. Is this conclusion then wholly without foundation: Either these intelligences are not what they claim to be or there are on the spirit side some tremendous inhibitions or elements of confusion which we do not understand—as is quite believable—or it is true that mediums, because of their present state of imperfect mediumistic development, make scientific certainty difficult—this also is believable?

Second Class of Hindrances to the Acceptance of the Identity Hypothesis: I have sought in many ways and very often in vain to bring harmony out of the personal experiences of so-called spirits in the spirit land. I do not think that I have been unreasonably exacting—I have been willing to credit much to personal equation on both sides of the death line and to the "laws" governing the communication between the two worlds. Note this lack of harmony: Through one medium of remarkable power and, to my mind, unqualified honesty, a spirit described to me with great particularity his trip to

the planet Mars; he described the inhabitants, their civilization as further advanced than ours, the fauna, the flora—all this from *personal* observation. Some time afterward, through another medium equally creditable, another spirit told me of *his* trip to Mars, telling me that he found it *wholly uninhabited*, and *practically destitute of animal and vegetable life*. I informed this latter intelligence of what the other spirit had assured me he had found true in his trip to that ruddy planet. His reply was: "I can not help what he said. I am telling you what I know."

Some "spirits" assure me that there are animals and flowers and trees galore on the spirit plateaus, connected with the earth; others tell me there are not. Some tell me they have there hospitals, schools, and churches; others the reverse. Some tell me no one in the spirit realm believes in what we here call God; others that He is preached and believed in far more there than here.

The following is a case that is illustrative of many other of my experiences: I inquired of a spirit concerning a Mr. S., a friend of mine whom both the spirit and I knew well, but from whom I had not heard for years. He assured me that the man had "passed over" and said, "at this moment he is with me and desires me to thank you for remembering

him." Shortly afterward, through another medium, I was placed in communication with another mutual friend in the spirit life and was told that this same Mr. S. "is still in the flesh, and only yesterday," the spirit continued, "I was with him and helped him in some of his plans."

The well-known and eminent Spiritualist, Dr. J. M. Peebles, referring to a public utterance which I made some time ago of my contradictory experiences, wrote me that such contradictions were not uncommon experiences. He gave me an instance of a prominent Spiritualist who had consulted thirty mediums upon the subject of identifying and communicating with a relative of his in the spirit life. "In these communications," he said, "there were twenty-seven contradictions and no positive proof that identified his brother." He enclosed me a typewritten copy of the experience of Col. J. L. Dryden, a well-known Spiritualist in California, who has received "thirty-six or thirty-seven communications from the spirit world" concerning his son who left home to enlist for the Philippine conflict. The Colonel gives a description of the many wild-goose chases on which these messages sent him. I give his remarkable description of his experiences as sent to me by Dr. Peebles. See Appendix B.

In fairness to Dr. Peebles I must not fail to say

that he adds: "I have had experience that satisfies me of the genuineness and of the identification of the influencing intelligences, and so I am a Spiritualist with strong religious or Christian tendencies." Mr. Peebles himself explains these contradictions "by obsessions—obsessions by evil spirits often termed demons"—against whom, the Doctor tells us, certain protection is to be had "by sincere prayer, pure desire, and real faith in the Upper Universe." If this be true, "communion" is a much more serious matter than it is usually thought to be; which is also quite likely.

Professor Hyslop, since my writing the above, has sent me an account of an experience that he has had, in which there is evidence of a spirit intelligence confirming through one medium what was said to him by the same intelligence through another. This interesting experience of Professor Hyslop's will be found in Appendix C.

Is there a clear, rational explanation, from the Spiritualist view-point, of the inconsistencies which I have indicated—an explanation that should clear all doubt from a "sane mind"? The obsession theory of Dr. Peebles I do not think has been as yet sufficiently demonstrated to be accepted, but it is quite in harmony with what we are often told in the New Testament of "possession by evil spirits," "the

casting out of devils," of insanity being caused by evil spirits obsessing their victims.

I admit the honesty of the mediums to whom I have referred in my contradictory experiences, and I admit the inadequacy of any other hypothesis than that of Spiritualism to explain many of the phenomena encountered, but an explanation to be satisfactory to a rational mind should cover all of the facts "touchin' or pertainin' to," as the immortal Devery would say; they should match all around. I admit with Professor James of Harvard that the spirit hypothesis is the easiest all-round explanation, yet while there are such Himalayan difficulties in the way of one's acceptance of the identity hypothesis, is it quite fair for our Spiritualistic friends to question our sanity if we do not accept this hypothesis as wholly proven—just yet?

Let none misunderstand—I believe in the world of spirits, I believe in "the communion of Saints" and, for that matter, in the communion of sinners. What I do not know for a certainty is whether there is any way open for physical communication between the spirit world and this—a way whereby spirits can surely identify themselves through our physical sensories—and whether they are doing it after a method that can be *scientifically demonstrated.*

I believe that there are physical sensories and that there are spiritual sensories. That there is much communication with the spiritual world through the spiritual sensories I have no doubt. Is there any through the physical sensories?

There is nothing in the thought that there is a spiritual world in communication with this world that frightens me in the least, for I have long been satisfied that the supernatural is only the unexplored part of the natural universe, that the universe on both sides of the grave is a *uni*-verse—as here, so there.

In these matters it does not strain my courage in the slightest to say "yes,"—it strains it much more to say "I do not know,"—nor do I value a truth simply because it has gray hairs and walks with a cane. The truths of the vintage of to-day are quite as pleasant to my taste as are those of the vintage of the first century or of that of any preceding age.

I have reached the prescribed limit of my book and again find in my note-books many things unsaid that I intended to say, and I am tempted, as on page 41, to dump in these "notes" unpolished and unclassified—some "hot from the bat." A diamond necklace has a beauty of its own, but I wonder if my reader has ever felt the keen delight of emptying from one hand into the other a lot of loose diamonds and other precious stones—this in the bright sunshine, letting his imagination take wings and create necklaces and clusters and tiaras without number, of all possible and impossible sizes and shapes. For one, I get more enjoyment out of such unclassified gems than I do from the most finished product of the lapidary—at least, at times. Now, if this illustration will prove as illuminating as it appears immodest, it will serve my purpose.

Of course, a counterfeiter deems every lapidary a fraud, and equally, of course, an author is inclined to see a gem in his every thought, but I trust that while my readers may not find these by-products and these "left-overs" to be all diamonds of the first water, they may, if they get the right view-point, find them worthy of some attention.

CHIPS AND "LEFT-OVERS"

Somewhat Suggestive (See Page 41)

There are two ways of looking at death: one leaves a broken shell, destruction; the other, a bird which by and by will be singing in the branches.

My faith in Christ does not rest on belief in His miracles, but upon something within me that responds to His teachings.

Those who do not love death do not know it.

We are surrounded by a multitude of witnesses—when this thought of Paul fully takes possession of the mind we will never more walk alone.

A true religion says: "Try me and see." Its foundations are in experience, not in tradition, not in authority. There must be that within us that responds to it, or it is not *our* religion. He who obeys a truth develops a faculty that knows truth up to the level of that faculty's development. The religion of the future surely will be one that carries its own credentials.

As it is with music so it is with religion. It is not in any man's power to demonstrate to me that he is a musician, if I myself am not a musician. Up to the plane of my musical development I know, but not beyond that.

It is easy to believe that the spirit-world is better than this and that we will be stronger there to do our work even for those we leave behind. Christ said: "If I go away I will come again, I go to prepare a place for you." He could do this better there than here, and if He, so we for our fellows. He is the "way," the "example," the "first-fruits" of the work He wrought; as He, so we.

We are not angry at one who strikes against us with his crutch? No, we overlook that in his misfortune. Then why be angry because one strikes against us with his imperfection of mind or heart? There are many more mental, moral, and spiritual cripples than there are bodily cripples.

If geologists have ciphered it out correctly the human race has taken some hundreds of thousands of years, possibly millions, in climbing up from the ameba to where we now are —what dismal ages, what wretchedness, what helplessness, what stupidity and ignorance, and what cruelty! Yet if we look about us and see what man has come to be, we must admit that this whole marvelous evolution has been carried on satisfactorily.

To grow the spiritual qualities of love for the beautiful, of conscience, of love for our fellows, of service, of holiness, is a totally different work from growing potatoes and cabbages and trees. That other is a work of ages. In such a task a million years counts as a day.

There is a world of difference between my discovering the spiritual world by hearsay or by an intellectual process and my discovering it by its dwelling in me and I in it. One is objective and the other is a growth from the within out.

Yes, I am to give fairly the two sides of the psychic question, for a broad-minded man should be many-sided—he must be one who can give the right and wrong side of the *for* and the wrong and right side of the *against*.

We speak about the "indestructibility of matter." How do we know that it is indestructible? What is matter?—is it anything more than force? But then what we call force is transmutable; how do we know that there may not be a time when a spiritual force manifests itself as a physical force, and then after some millions of years may cease as a physical force? If matter is a series of vibrations, suppose these vibrations cease, then what will happen?

Marquis Ito says China has for centuries been sleeping in the vacuous vortex of the storm of forces, wildly whirling around her. More profound and strange is our sleep in the vortex of immeasurably more potent spiritual forces in tremendous activity all about us and of which these physical forces are the merest echoes, the faintest shadows. Helen Keller, on Broadway or in the Maid of the Mist at the foot of Niagara Falls, sees and hears nothing. To her all is profound silence and darkness. Sir William Crookes tells us that there are in all probability vast domains of activities for which we have no physical senses fitted to recognize. Yet, it sometimes happens in the life that now is, as says Longfellow,

> "The stranger at my fireside can not see
> The forms I see, nor hear the sounds I hear."

You can not drown a fact even in words. You may obscure it by much talk but only for a time.

Spiritualism, if true, means a new frontage to the race. The God of Augustine, of the Creeds, the God of the Old Testament, and the old interpretation of the God of the New Testament is largely outloved, and quite likely will be soon outlived. The Church, if it would not die, must readjust itself to the new mental and spiritual unfoldings.

We must not misinterpret the Fatherhood of God to mean an easy God. God compels us to grow character. His Christ does not present us with character; He presents us with an opportunity to grow it, and this task we must perform, no matter how many ages it may take. "There is no discharge in that war." And yet the poet's vision of God must be just:

> "The longer I live and more I see
> Of the struggle of souls to the heights above,
> The stronger this truth comes home to me:
> That the universe rests on the shoulders of love—
> A love so limitless, deep, and broad
> That men have renamed it and call it God."

We can best *do* something worth the while by *being* something worth the while;—this latter lifts us up to the plane where we become allies with the mighty hosts that determine first causes.

Enthusiasm is needed also for the constructive side of truth.

The earth is a great orchard in which the fruit is in all stages of growth from the bud up to ripeness. Goodness is ripeness; badness is unripeness. Ah, in every orchard much unripened fruit falls to the ground prematurely, worm-eaten, dead. Is not this also true of the moral and spiritual orchard? Can we say of these, not a growth falls to the ground without God's provision for that growth, and that somewhere and somehow in the universe it will have another chance? The Master Shepherd was not content with the ninety and nine, but went in search of the missing one and rested not until He found it.

A new Sun is coming higher and higher above the horizon, giving a light not seen on land or sea. Nearly all men are blind, some see a glimmer of this light; then there are clouds and mists, but with here and there rifts in the clouds, and at times a flood of light for a few minutes which makes the soul sing with joy for many a day; and with some even when the mists are thickest light sifts through and gives twilight; all indicating a world of light somewhere different from any to which our physical senses are accustomed.

We are in the midst of an infinite ocean of thought—how could it be otherwise if God is everywhere? Human progress is the opening of the windows and doors of the soul letting the All-light enter. No man *creates* a right thought—all truth is coined and stamped in the "above and beyond" and we, at our best, only give it recognition and expression.

God, out of the stones, can raise up physical and intellectual men, numberless; but it required Infinite wisdom and love and Infinite power and millions of years to grow moral and spiritual men, men who, of their own free will, would find their all in love and service.

Why is it unreasonable to believe that the sensories of the soul when quickened are at least as reliable in their perceptions as are those of our physical senses, and that the conclusions based upon them are every whit as scientific?

We plan and will, thinking that we dominate the unseen forces—harnessing the earth with a spider's web to regulate its speed and course.

Belief in the reality of the unseen world will inspire courage in the poor and brighten all lives; it will give a tangible reason for the millionaire to cease living a life of waste and the life of the idle rich. Life will become real and earnest when we know—scientifically know—that the grave is not its goal.

Every man is to work out his own salvation by sacrifice, by denial of the lower for the higher, by love, humility, service, consecration to God through consecration to man, by clean holy living. The only salvation possible is through individual choice and effort, as seen supremest in Christ; there can be no exemption, there can be no substitution. It is always "Come unto me who *will*," "*Choose* ye this day whom ye will serve."

The day of judgment is not necessarily a day of punishment, it is a day of consequences.

Humanity is in great agitation and ferment; much froth, foam, slag, comes to the top. What if our reputed wise men keep their eyes on this froth and slag and say these are the valuable outcome of all this agitation and turmoil? The dross is the conspicuous thing, but it is only fit to be cast aside as being in the way. The most likely place to find the pure metal is in the heart of the common people. It was nothing strange that the King of Glory chose a manger as a doorway through which to enter this world, and chose His Apostles from the common folk. The learned, the rich, the great, are usually the last to hear a call from above.

The burdens which the unseen Intelligence of the universe puts upon us are so many compliments to our courage, devotion, strength. We should run toward them with glad feet and take them up with joyful hands. We often bear affliction without a murmur because we are too proud or too vain to make complaint, thinking this a weakness; such resignation has no merit in it; but if grief is borne gladly because we believe it is part of the hammering necessary to round out character and is sent for this purpose by Infinite Wisdom, then it will yield good fruit.

The child in the school puts letter to letter and makes out the word, but by and by it grasps the word as a whole, and then the sentence as a whole, no longer thinking of the letters or words. Now to us, the minute is the unit of life; then, the week and the month, and by and by the year, and then, after centuries of growth, a human life will be the unit of existence, and somewhere and somehow time will be to us no more—only one endless now.

Often in séance-rooms the so-called spirit controls teach a religion that is thought by the "faithful" to be *new*, but it is not new, except to a sadly large portion of the people of this materialistic age. It is the religion of service which Christ taught in the supremest degree, but which we have been very slow to learn and, instead, have substituted very generally a gross counterfeit under the name of Christianity —a substitute that is made up of intellectual dogmas, of hard official charity, of hard competition—the "devil catching the hindmost." Instead, let these old truths—now so often taught in séance-rooms: "Do unto others," "Resist not evil but overcome evil with good," "In honor preferring one another," "Seek not your own,"—well, try these on Wall Street or on Broadway and on our churches—then the changes wrought by the earthquake in San Francisco would be child's play in comparison. Yet these are the alphabet of the religion taught by Him of Galilee—the sweetest vision earth ever saw.

We are striving to invent skeleton keys that will fit in the wards of the lock of Heaven's gate. No key will unlock that gate but character, and character is of slow growth. Those who serve others and who are pure in heart will see God and none other can.

We grow to the level of that which we prefer.

There are countless millions of souls that do not know that they are dead—some in the body, many more out of the body.

The Bible speaks of men as gods, but there is a vein of satire in the Bible—yet may not the Bible in this be prophetically right?

Men who are up to the neck in the mud of materialism are not the best critics of psychic phenomena. We do not go to an asylum for the blind to get correct judgment of the respective merits of the pictures in a picture gallery.

There is no Hell for us but what we dig, and there is no Heaven but what we build. God creates us, but here is a marvel: man creates his own God. I wonder if the reader understands me. Yet Heaven and Hell and God are stupendous realities. John Stuart Mill said, "I *think* almost what the so-called spirits teach—no Hell but conscience and character with a possible illimitable progress."

We must discriminate between cause and effect. A clergyman writes to me that he has observed that where there is much Spiritualism there is little church attendance and that therefore Spiritualism tends to irreligion. It has often been observed that where there is much sickness there are many doctors—which is the cause and which the effect? Did the Church satisfy the spiritual hunger of the people, would Spiritualism abound? Would we not then find in the church, as in the Bible times, faith-cure and prayer-cure, and angel visits and inspiration—and who doubts that the churches then would be crowded as in the first three glorious centuries of the Christian era?

Apologetically and shamefacedly we begin to admit our belief in a spirit-world. We hear as afar off the "Voice of God walking in the Garden." We are regaining our old courage to stand erect, feeling in some real sense that we have that within us which dominates matter, and

> " . . . shall flourish in immortal youth,
> Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
> The wreck of matter and the crash of worlds."

When God sends a speaking tongue He also sends into the world eyes that can see and ears that can hear.

Man must be free to see and free to describe what he sees, each from his own standing-place, and every man should have honesty and courage to tell just what he sees; there must be clear perception and full honesty and courage of conviction. The truthful soul will abide neither deception nor pretense nor cowardice. On the upper planes the spirit takes possession and dominates.

A clergyman writes to me: "As God has not given us communication with the dead, therefore it is wrong and impossible." That conclusion may be right, but the argument is faulty. Says Schiller: "I do not think it is much more plausible to argue that, if God had intended us to know, he would have spared us the trouble and the discipline of finding out, than to say that, if God had meant us to wear clothes, we should have been born, like the angels, with becoming costumes."

The instinct of a developed spirituality is a far higher and surer source of knowledge than is that of reason, however developed reason may be.

The dominating aim in our lives will determine our likes and dislikes. Lowell says that liberty-loving Milton could not hide his sympathy with Satan as a republican and a rebel. No man is safe whose ideals are not up among the stars.

The cell is the material unit of the living organism; but the cell is made up of matter which is constantly changing, yet we are conscious of the perdurance of our individuality. Memory persists. Can any one conceive of innumerable remembrances being produced by a cell or a combination of cells as yet persisting, while the cells are endlessly changing; or can he conceive of material cells comparing, arranging, and judging the products of themselves or of other cells? A scientist who has credulity sufficient to believe all that, will have no difficulty, when he gets the proper twist, to believe the hypothesis of spirits—to believe that our individuality has its truest body made up of refined, subtle matter, of which the sensuous body is the outer, coarser expression to be slipt off at death as an overcoat is thrown off when we enter the house.

The credulous are taken captive by the marvelous in their own fancies, and when repeated with the exaggerations of fervid imaginations the memories of their words become to them facts. They see the other world in a magic mirror, and the shadows of their own creation stir the fertility of their minds like realities.

There is no hand in all the earth that is powerful enough to reverse the lever and turn the earth away from the sunrise, which in evolution awaits the race.

It is not safe except now and then for one to undertake mediumship at the present time when the laws that govern it are so imperfectly understood, even tho the spirit hypothesis be true. Ocean steamers plow their way unharmed through eddies and the outward circles of a maelstrom and find the port beyond, while the small sail-boats are held and destroyed. Swallows may wing their way through spiders' webs, but flies are caught and perish. But unfortunately every one of us is apt to think himself an ocean steamer or a bird of strong wing, and that the others are the feeble "folks" who need be cautious.

Some spirits out of the flesh, as well as some in the flesh, will lie for the glory of God—in modern times as well as in ancient times—and think themselves in this act profoundly religious.

We must become better in order to become wiser.

There is only one language, all else are dialects. Let the spirit of truth dominate absolutely and we will understand all and be understood by all. Music, beauty, love, courage, heroism, holiness—for these there is no need of an interpreter between developed souls within the body or out of it. To him who only pretends to these things the Master will say, when the day of testing comes, "Depart, I never knew you."

When a man makes a piece of common iron magnetic so that it draws to itself needles or nails, has he wrought a miracle? Christ took water and gave to it the attributes of wine. Why call it a miracle? A field full of weeds and thistles is changed into a field of flowers or of wheat. The change was wrought by the farmer, but not a law was suspended or violated. Can man do this and the mind of God not do infinitely more? "Verily, verily," the Infinite One says to us, "heaven and earth will pass away before one jot or tittle of any law—the order of the universe—will be suspended or annulled, until it has fulfilled to the fullest that for which the law was ordained."

This is a sample of many speeches of "spirits" in séance-rooms:

"O ye foolish men, when will you learn that spirits are not infallible and that mediums are not infallible and that the Bibles of earth are not infallible? Your Bible was not given to you as an infallible guide to save you from thinking out these things, but only to be hints and suggestions, as are the teachings of professors in schools. No man is free from working out his own salvation, intellectual or moral or spiritual. Your Bible has been taken from the greatest and best utterances of men who lived nearest the plane of God and

of holy angels, but think not that these are unerring. You want somebody to tell you what to believe: the Catholic wants his priest to tell him and the Protestant wants a book to tell him, the Spiritualist wants spirits to tell him. This is not God's plan, every man must seek for himself if he would find, knock if he would enter. By this method we grow to that which we would understand and then there is that within us that responds to the truth as the soul of the musician recognizes an oratorio of a Handel. Call no man Lord or Master, whether in the flesh or out of the flesh. One alone is master, even Jehovah, for He is all truth, all reason, infinite goodness, hence is the One we can serve without humiliation or the surrender of our individuality."

It does not take much to make a fool of a man, but strange as it may seem, it takes less on the materialistic side than on the spiritualistic.

Communion between this and the other world will cease to be wonderful when it becomes common, and if it is a fact it will surely become common—it may be fifty years, it may be one hundred years, it may be five hundred years hence. And it certainly is true that the civilized world is developing spiritually—never so rapidly as to-day—and this development is not based on ignorance or on superstition, but increasingly on science.

When the time arrives for a new evolution, to misunderstand the signs is dangerous. For a grub not to become a butterfly when its hour is at hand would mean death; it must then be either a butterfly or a dead grub.

Here is my confession at three score and seven: With advancing age my life sinks more and more into simplicity and calm; my environments affect me less and less and I grow more unconcerned about anything hostile to me, feeling assured that none of these things can affect me. I sink into what I feel sure to be an infinite and everlasting security: "My peace I leave with you." There is in me a growing

certainty that my individual personality is everlastingly inviolate—that neither life nor death nor powers from below nor above nor any force whatsoever, whether present or to come, can separate me from the love of God which is manifested in Christ Jesus.

If one on a mountain top should describe to me in the valley things which he sees, I must not say that they do not exist because I do not see them. If I go where he is I will be better able to know. One morning I was on Goat Island at Niagara, the sun behind me, and I saw a beautiful rainbow spanning the Falls on the mist that rose in clouds—a glorious rainbow that said that God who made all this is not only powerful and wise, but loves also the beautiful! Upon my return to the hotel I told my son what I had seen. He said, "I can see the mist, but I see no rainbow on it." "True," said I, "from where you are you see none, but from where I was I saw one."

Momentary Partings of the Veil

And the Prophet said: *Fear not; for they that are with us are more than they that are with them. And Elisha prayed and said, Jehovah, I pray thee open his eyes that he may see. And Jehovah opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw: and behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots and fire round about Elisha.*[1]

And Jesus took Peter and James and John up into a high mountain, and as he prayed his appearance was changed and there appeared unto them Moses [*then passed from earth* 1400 *years*] *and Elias* [*then passed from earth* 900 *years*] *and they spake of his decease which he should accomplish at Jerusalem.*[2]

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[1] II Kings vi. 17. [2] Luke ix. 28–36.

APPENDICES

APPENDIX A

MRS. EMILY S. FRENCH'S DEAFNESS

Testimony from her physicians, and from others who have known her for many years.

ALVIN A. HUBBELL, M.D., 212 FRANKLIN ST., BUFFALO, N. Y., AN EYE AND EAR SPECIALIST:

"Mrs. Emily S. French has been a patient of mine both for her eyes and ears since May 22, 1893. She then had and still has defective hearing in both ears caused by an affection of the internal ear (auditory nerve). There was, also, and still is, defective vision due to affection—slight atrophic changes—of the optic nerves and of the choroid coat of the eye near the optic disk. She also complained of 'nerve' symptoms, shooting pains in the lower extremities, 'cramping' of muscles of the legs, feeling of a tight band around the waist, which, taken in connection with the affections of the auditory and optic nerves, suggested to me the possibility of locomotor ataxia. She had, however, an aversion to doctors and would not consult a good neurologist. . . . While Mrs. French appears to have confidence in me professionally, my skepticism along psychic lines rules me out of her séances, altho she has continued to be very friendly as a patient, whose entire confidence as a specialist I seem to have. There is no doubt that Mrs. French is and has been for years a sick woman."

VOLNEY A. HOARD, M.D., 691 MAIN STREET EAST, ROCHESTER, N. Y.:

"I am a practising physician, duly licensed as such, and have practised my profession in the city of Rochester for the

past twenty-four years. For seventeen years past I have been the physician to Mrs. Emily S. French. I knew that she was somewhat deaf from my first acquaintance with her. Her deafness has materially increased since that time, and has been specially marked since about seven years ago, at the time of a serious illness. Her deafness at the present time is marked. One sitting three feet distant from her and facing her can not make her hear ordinary conversation, but she does hear at that distance when the voice is raised about fifty per cent. above the ordinary conversational tone. There is no question in my mind of her entire honesty and integrity, nor is there any question as to her decided deafness. She appears to be a woman whose weight would be 120 pounds, and about seventy-two (72) years of age. I am informed that this day she was actually weighed and that her weight is 117¾ pounds. I have this day measured her chest and find the measurement 28½ inches expiration and 30½ inches inspiration. . . . I never knew that Mrs. French claimed to have any powers as a medium and have never witnessed any of her manifestations. I am not a spiritualist myself and have never had anything to do with its manifestations."

Dr. Jane M. Frear, 21 Orton Place, Buffalo, N. Y.:

"Mrs. French is an old friend of my family. For years she has visited in my father's home and later in my own home. She has spent weeks at a time with me. She has been deaf during all of the time I have known her, twenty-five years or more. Her deafness has increased during the last few years.

"A number of years ago I took Mrs. French to the eminent eye and ear specialist, Dr. Alvin A. Hubbell, of this city, to have her ears examined and see what he could do to relieve the deafness. He made the examination in my presence and pronounced the case incurable because of the scar tissue on the membrane left by scarlet fever.

"As to the strange psychic manifestations that take place

in her presence, it would probably be of interest to you to mention something of my own experience in connection with her. My father and I at one time were talking with her, we standing on opposite sides of a doorway. The light from the next room made Mrs. French's face plainly visible to me. I was looking at her and talking to her when the loud voice known as 'Red Jacket' spoke to us from the top of the stairway, which was in the dark. I have also heard a voice beginning to speak while she was talking. This has happened on several occasions, while I was chatting with her—her deafness prevented her from catching the first vibrations of the other voice or voices. I have also heard two voices singing at the same time—she does not sing. These voices were male voices.

"Mrs. French's health is not good: she is nervous and very sensitive. It seems to me it is of first importance in efforts to obtain tests of scientific value from her that she be made to feel perfectly at ease, placed under no nerve strain or tension. She must be able to know that she is among friends who have no suspicion of fraud in connection with her phenomena. The people surrounding her should have a kindly feeling toward her, or her sensitive nature will discover this lack of harmony, and her peculiar powers will not be able to manifest the phenomena which seem to come through her. It seems to me that some of the *scientific* tests to which she has been subjected have been *unscientific*, really absurdly cruel."

William A. Sutherland, a prominent lawyer in Rochester, N. Y.:

"I am willing to state that I have known Mrs. French personally for five years past, and she has visited at my house and been entertained by my wife while living; that my wife was very deaf and that I procured an acousticon for my wife, which, however, she was not able to utilize very long, and after her death I presented it to Mrs. French, who has not yet been very successful with its use. I can certify in

the strongest manner my belief in her deafness. I am not a Spiritualist, but I am one of those who are puzzled by these psychic phenomena."

GEORGE C. NORTHROP, MERCHANT AT LAKEVILLE, N. Y., ON MY REQUEST HAS MADE THE FOLLOWING AFFIDAVIT:

State of New York,
County of Livingston, } *ss.*

George C. Northrop, being duly sworn, says: I am a dealer in coal, grain, flour, etc., at the village of Lakeville in the County of Livingston, N. Y., and have been for many years; I am now 76 years of age; I have known Mrs. Emily S. French, of Rochester, N. Y., ever since she was a child; I know that when she was about ten years of age she had scarlet fever and that she has been deaf ever since; I have seen her since then on an average of probably three or four times each year, conversing with her. I know that her deafness has been on the increase almost ever since her childhood; I know that somewhere in the neighborhood of six years ago she had a partial stroke of paralysis, since which time her deafness has greatly increased.

(Signed) GEORGE C. NORTHROP.

Sworn to before me, this sixth day of July, 1905.

(Signed) FRANK S. ROE,
Justice of the Peace.

APPENDIX B

COL. J. S. DRYDEN'S BEWILDERING EXPERIENCE IN SEEKING INFORMATION AS TO THE WHEREABOUT OF HIS SON

This writing has been sent to me by Dr. J. M. Peebles (see page 205):

"In May, 1898, my son left home to enlist for the Philippine conflict, and the last we have seen or heard of him on the material plane was when he separated from his brother at Bakersfield, Cal., now almost eight years ago. Since that time I have received thirty-six or thirty-seven different communications from the spirit world concerning him, and the strangely contradictory, uncertain, and unsatisfactory nature of all, and the absurd character of some of the messages have aroused within me strange speculations as to the nature of spirit messages, and even serious doubts as to the reliability of either the spirits giving or the mediums receiving said messages.

"After exhausting the material sources of information, I turned with confidence to the spirit world, fully believing that if the boy had passed to that realm it would be known by some one and truthfully reported to me.

"Among the first, if not the first, messages received, was one not purporting to come from himself, but from some one speaking for him, that he had perished in a snow-slide in the Klondike. A few days later in a public circle, at the close of a Sunday service in a Spiritualist hall, one announcing himself as my father, who has been in spirit life fifty-four years, declared that he had brought the boy there with him, who was as yet unable to speak for himself, and gave a partial account of his transition, but not the snow-slide method

at all. This seemed so authentic and rational that I felt satisfied with it and made no further inquiries for a time, when, judge of my surprise, to have father, or some one pretending to be he, deny that he ever gave such a communication in public or otherwise, and declare positively that he knew nothing as to the boy's whereabout.

"Then followed communications of all kinds and descriptions, from public platforms, at circles and private sittings, in perhaps two or three instances in answer to inquiries of my own, but in over thirty instances unexpected and uncalled-for.

"Two others placed him in the Klondike, one that he was digging gold and getting rich, and another that he was doing something else, and gave the name of the city where he could be reached. I wrote the postmaster there and no such person had ever been heard of there.

"Two others told of his tragic ending at Bakersfield, one that he had been murdered in or near the city, and the other that he had been killed by the cars a few miles north of the city. I wrote the coroner, public administrator, etc., but no such occurrences had taken place anywhere near the date alleged.

"Two others saw him lying on the seashore dead, where he had been washed ashore from a wreck, one near Manila, and the other one somewhere along the coast, away up in Alaska or somewhere north of here.

"Another one claimed that he had deserted from the army and was somewhere in Africa. Another that he was in business in the Philippines and was making plenty of 'shiners.' Another one—or probably two others—that he was a sailor on merchantmen and on long voyages. Another, that he was mining in Arizona, but could give no post-office address, etc. Just about an equal number affirm positively that he is in spirit life. In one instance, my own grandmother was represented as saying that she was with him when he passed out and cared for him in the new life. But my own father, mother, three brothers, five sisters, and

three of my own children in spirit life, with all of whom—or someone representing them—I have communed, not one of them has seen him or knows of his whereabout.

"This last is the most puzzling feature to me. It would seem that if the magnetic lines of kinship exist between the boy and myself, or any of the rest of us, he might be traced if yet in the form. In reference to many of the instances in which it was claimed that he is still in earth life, I have thought that the fact that he was a twin, that his brother is still in the body and all the time thinking and pining over his brother's absence may be a partial explanation of some of them. They may be getting the magnetism confused. Altogether, it is a strange experience, has filled me with unpleasant reflections, and at times almost shaken my confidence in the phenomenal side of Spiritualism.

"San Diego, Jan. 29, 1906.

" P. S.—The 'latest dispatch' was yesterday, January 28—that he had been murdered by a native in the Philippines and his body thrown into a river, and that a sum of money could be obtained by investigation. I called upon the medium this morning, but not a hint could be obtained as to where to investigate, what he was doing, or anything about it."

APPENDIX C

PROFESSOR HYSLOP SEEMS TO IDENTIFY A COMMUNICATING INTELLIGENCE—AN INTERESTING EXPERIENCE

The following reached me from Professor Hyslop as I am carrying this book through to press:

". . . I had an arrangement for three sittings beginning March 19, 1906. Previous to this I arranged to have a sitting with a lady whom I knew well in New York City. She was not a professional psychic, but a lady occupying an important position in one of the large corporations in this city. This sitting was on the night of March 16, Friday. At this sitting Dr. Hodgson purported to be present. His name was written and some pertinent things said with reference to myself, tho they were not in any respect evidential. Nor could I attach evidential value to the giving of his name as the lady knew well that he had died. I put away my record of the facts and said nothing about the result to any one. I went on to Boston to have my sittings with Mrs. Piper.

"Soon after the beginning of the sitting, Rector, the trance personality usually controlling, wrote that he had seen me 'at another light,' that he had brought Hodgson there, but that they could not make themselves clear, and asked me if I had understood them. I asked when it was and received the reply that it was two days before Sabbath. The reader will see that this coincides with the time of the sitting in New York. Some statements were then made by Rector about the difficulty of communicating there, owing to the 'intervention of the mind of the light,' a fact coinciding with my knowledge of the case, and stated that they had tried to send through a certain word, which in fact I did not get.

"When Dr. Hodgson came a few minutes afterward to communicate he at once asked me, after the usual form of his greeting, if I had received his message, and on my reply

that I was not certain he asked me to try the lady some day again. As soon as the sitting was over I wrote to the lady without saying a word of what had happened and arranged for another sitting with her for Saturday evening, the 24th.

"At this sitting one of the trance personalities of the Piper case, one who does not often appear there, appeared at this sitting with Miss X., as I shall call her, and wrote his name, if that form of expression be allowed. Miss X. had heard of this personality, but knew that Rector was the usual amanuensis in the Piper case. Immediately following the trance personality whose name was written, Dr. Hodgson purported to communicate and used almost the identical phrases with which he begins his communications in the Piper case—in fact, several words were identical, and they are not the usual introduction of other communicators. After receiving this message I wrote to Mr. Henry James, Jr., without saying what I had gotten and asked him to interrogate Dr. Hodgson when he got a sitting to know if he had recently been communicating with me and, if he answered in the affirmative, to ask Dr. Hodgson what he had told me. About three weeks after, Mr. James had his sitting and carried out my request. Dr. Hodgson replied that he had been trying to communicate with me several Sabbaths previously and stated with some approximation to it the message which I had received on the evening of the 24th.[1]

"The reader will perceive that these incidents involve cross-references with another psychic than Mrs. Piper, and tho I am familiar with the methods by which professional mediums communicate with each other about certain persons who can be made victims of their craft, it must be remembered that we are not dealing with a professional medium in Miss X. and that we can not call Mrs. Piper this in the ordinary use of the term. I can vouch for the trustworthiness of Miss X. and think that the ordinary explanation of the coincidences will not apply in this instance."

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[1] It is to be noticed in this instance that the facts were not in the mind of either the medium or the sitter.

APPENDIX D

LOMBROSO'S CONVERSION TO SPIRITUALISM

The following appeared in the January *Review of Reviews*, London; William T. Stead, editor:

"WHY I BECAME A SPIRITUALIST."

Professor Lombroso's Story of His Conversion.

The conversion of a noted man of science, who had fiercely opposed Spiritualism, into a convinced believer is something of a sensational incident, and the cause of the conversion, judging from the account given by Professor Lombroso in the *Grand Magazine*, is as sensational as the effect. To quote his own words, he says: "Until the year 1890 Spiritualism had no fiercer or more obstinate opponent than I. The greater part of my life hitherto had been consecrated to positivist doctrines: to the demonstration of the fact that thought is but a direct emanation from the brain. Moreover, I was on the threshold of that age when we all tend to refuse novelty, be its truth ever so evident." He had, further, a positive distaste for methods of investigation in which the usual instruments and experiments were lacking.

SEEING BY THE TIP OF THE EAR.

However, in the course of his medical practise in 1892 he was called to attend the daughter of a man holding high office in his city, a patient suffering from violent hysteria, with extraordinary and apparently inexplicable symptoms. He says:—

At times, for instance, she completely lost the faculty of sight, so far as her eyes were concerned, but was able to see

with the tip of her ear! When her eyes were completely covered with bandages she was able to read some lines of a page held before her ear. If the rays of the sun were directed on her ear by means of a lens she was as much dazzled as if the light had been directed to her eyes; she protested loudly that she was being blinded. Subsequently her sense of taste was transplanted to her knee, her sense of smell to her toes. She also exhibited telepathic and premonitory phenomena that were extremely curious.

She could see her brother in the wings of a music hall a kilometer away. She felt her father's approach when he was several hundred yards distant.

INERRANT PREDICTIONS.

She was able to prophesy with mathematical accuracy what was about to happen to her. She predicted that exactly a fortnight thence, at nine o'clock, she would lose the faculty of walking. So it fell out to the minute. She predicted that "at midday in a month and three days from to-day" she would be taken with an irresistible desire to bite. All clocks and other means of knowing the time were removed from her, but punctually to the hour the biting began. She insisted that the application of aluminum would cure her paralysis. They tried to put her off with other means, but at last aluminum was applied and she grew better.

THE MARVELS WROUGHT BY A MEDIUM.

These phenomena, he was forced to confess, were quite irreconcilable with every acknowledged physiological or pathological theory. Subsequently, when at Naples, he was urged to see the celebrated medium, Eusapia Palladino. He went, on condition that everything was in full daylight. He beheld in the full light of day a table rise from the floor and a trumpet dart from the bed to the table and back again. At the next *séance* he saw a curtain in front of the alcove suddenly stand out and enfold him. It felt exactly like a thin sheet of lead. A ponderous sideboard began to slide in his direction. A dynamometer placed on the table at about

half a yard from the medium indicated 42 kilogrammes, tho in a normal condition Eusapia could never make it mark more than 36. He saw gaseous arms stretched out from Eusapia, seize the bell and ring it, which they while holding her hands had asked her to ring.

AARON'S BUDDING ROD OUTDONE.

Aaron's rod that budded is prosaic compared with the next incident he mentions:—

In Milan, at a *séance* where I was present with Richet, each of us saw a branch of roses grow, as it were, and slowly come out of the sleeves of our coats, the flowers as fresh as if they had been cut at that very instant.

Then Eusapia, put on a weighing-machine, made her weight increase or decrease by more than twenty pounds.

BREAKDOWN OF PHYSICAL EXPLANATIONS.

Such experiences led the Professor to construct hypotheses that these were so many hysterical and hypnotic phenomena, due to a motor and even a sensorial projection from the psycho-motor centers of the medium's brain; also that telepathic transmission might be explained by psychical transmission from one brain to another, which is analogous to what takes place in wireless telegraphy. But M. Ermacora, "who has studied Spiritualism far more profoundly than I have, showed me that telepathic transmissions reach an enormous distance, while the energy of vibratory movement invariably diminishes as the square of the distance, and that the brain is by no means an instrument on the top of an immobile base, as is that of Marconi. To completely demolish my cherished hypothesis I was, during the last few years, to come across several haunted houses from which mediums were entirely absent."

EXTRATERRESTRIAL EXISTENCES AND THE FOURTH DIMENSION.

Finally he reached the Spiritualist conclusion:—

"It was only, I repeat, after such occurrences as these, and especially after seeing the experiments after the order of

those reported by Crookes with Home and Katie King, as well as those of Richet and others, that I felt myself compelled to yield to the conviction that spiritualistic phenomena, if due in great part to the influence of the medium, are likewise attributable to the *influence of extraterrestrial existences*, which may, perhaps, be compared to the radioactivity which still persists in tubes after the radium which originated them has disappeared."

He adds that the phenomena so frequently observed of levitation in movement of objects, that is to say, of the inversion or upsetting of the laws of gravity, of impermeability of matter, and of time and space, suggest that the influence of the medium in a state of trance may be powerful enough to upset and change, within his neighborhood, what we understand by the laws of space of three dimensions, substituting for these laws those of the space of four dimensions, proving experimentally correct what was before but a mathematical hypothesis.

The *Illustrated Mail* (January 19, 1907), London, begins its comment on this magazine article of Professor Lombroso as follows:

"There are a few people, of course, who scoff at spirit manifestations, and boldly deny the possibility of holding any communication with another world. All séances they ridicule, and all Spiritualistic mediums they describe as frauds. Perhaps they would not be so hasty in their judgment were they aware of the weird and wonderful experiments made recently by some of the most famous European men of science.

"Professor Cæsare Lombroso, the founder of the science of criminology, whose chief works have been translated into every European language, and whose pupils are lecturing in the halls of the capitals of almost every land, was up to a few years ago one of the most bitter opponents of Spiritualism."

Then the editor proceeds to give an account of the wonderful experiences which Lombroso has had in the course of his psychic investigations.

APPENDIX E

CAMILLE FLAMMARION'S DENIAL

A cable dispatch from Paris was published a few weeks ago in many American papers announcing that the well-known scientist Flammarion had recanted his confession of belief in the reality of psychic phenomena and in the spirit hypothesis as an explanatory theory of some of these phenomena.

In reply to a letter of inquiry from his American publishers he writes—I have been favored with a copy of the letter—·

"HERBERT B. TURNER & COMPANY,

"DEAR SIRS: I have already published a denial of that bizarre report to which you refer. There is not one word of truth in the story. The work, of which you are about to receive manuscript, is destined, on the contrary, to prove indisputably the objective reality of the phenomena produced by mediums. These phenomena are absolutely certain to every impartial observer who has been able to devote sufficient time to their study. My work on Some Natural Unknown Forces contains my experiments with the famous medium Eusapia Paladino and with the other mediums since the time of Allan Kardec, those of Prof. Richet, of the Count de Roches, of Victor Sardou, Jules Claretie, of Adolphe Brisson, of Lombroso, of Aksakof, of Dr. Dariex, of Sully-Prudhomme, of Prof. Porro, of Ochrowicz, as well as those of the Count of Gasperin, of Prof. Thiory of Geneva, of the Institute Dialectique of London, Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace, Sir William Crookes, etc., etc.

"After reading this book it will be no longer possible to doubt the existence of pychic forces and of a dynamic world in the bosom of which we are plunged and the nature of which still remains mysterious. CAMILLE FLAMMARION."

PARIS, FRANCE.

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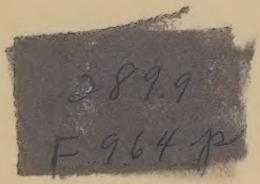

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